THE

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TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

DULL and insensate as a very clod must that man be who is not stirred to deep emotion as he gazes, for the first time, on the shores of that country, which all Christendom has agreed to call, the Holy Land. The land of the patriarchs and prophets, of the sages and the seers, of the kings and priests of God in the old dispensation, and above all, the land made sacred evermore by the life and teaching, the miracles and mighty works, the Cross and Passion of the Incarnate Son of God, and by the labours and ministrations of His disciples, is, to every soul capable of a spark of feeling, invested with the deepest and most hallowed interest. The predominant and ever-present thought, as one rides over its hills, or through its valleys, and walks round about Jerusalem, or beside the Sea of Galilee, is, "this is the Lord's land." Through its towns and cities, its highways and byways, Jesus went about doing good. We may follow His journeyings. We may walk as it were in His very footprints. These are the hills and valleys on which His eye rested. Over Him bent the same deep blue sky, and around Him spread this flower-enamelled sod or these stony tracts. These are the very fields—

> "Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet,
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

It is no wonder that from the time of Helena, the mother of Constantine, this sacred land has been the scene of pious pilgrimage. Every foot of it is hallowed ground, and much of it has

been dyed with the best blood of Europe, during the 200 years of the Crusades, in the effort to rescue the tomb of our Lord from the desecration of the misbelieving Moslem.

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM JAFFA.

At last the dream of a lifetime was fulfilled. We could read in our Bibles the record of the greatest events in the history of the world, on the very spot where these events took place. With these thoughts surging through our minds, our little Canadian

party, in the early morning of April 2nd, 1892, beheld the yellow sand dunes of the coast of old Philistia. A little later the gray walls and terraced slopes of ancient Joppa came into view. The flat-roofed, cliff-like, stone houses rose like gigantic steps one above another from the sea.

There being no harbour our steamer came to anchor in the open roadstead. Soon large, clumsy boats, rowed by stalwart Arabs, came off to convey the pilgrims, from many lands and of many tongues, to the shore. The usual tremendous shouting and gesticulation ensued. After bargaining with a swarthy Arab we embarked in his boat, climbing down the ship's ladder and getting into the rude craft just as, rising on the crest of a wave, it came within our reach. Landing is often exceedingly difficult, and is sometimes quite impossible, on account of the turbulent state of the roadstead, exposed to the full sweep of the Mediterranean Sea. In such cases passengers are often carried on to Haifa, or even to Beyrout, a distance of over a hundred miles, and have to take their chances of landing on their return trip. In October, 1892, thirty-two persons were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in attempting to land at Jaffa in rough weather.

We were fortunate, however, in having a comparatively calm sea. The stalwart rowers bent to their oars, and with much vociferation propelled us through the surf. One place was of special difficulty and peril, where the surf broke over the ledge of rocks, leaving only a narrow passage through which the boat might go. The cut on page 420 gives a fair idea of the mode of landing, the ship tossing in the roadstead and the rocky ledge in the middle distance. On these rocks, tradition avers, the fair Andromeda was chained that she might be devoured by the sea monster, but was released by Perseus.

The landing arrangements could not well be worse. An iron girder for one of the railway bridges had fallen into the water and obstructed the approach to the shore, so we had to climb out of the boat to a shelf about a foot wide, at the base of a stone wall, and creep along upon it for a number of yards to an open gate. The small baggage was thrown over the top of the wall, and the larger pieces were dragged along this narrow shelf. Ours got safe ashore, but I saw one trunk fall into the water, to be rescued in a badly damaged condition. A small fee procured us exemption from examination of our baggage, and we were soon on our way to our hotel in the suburbs of the town, a couple of stout porters carrying our many packages on their backs.

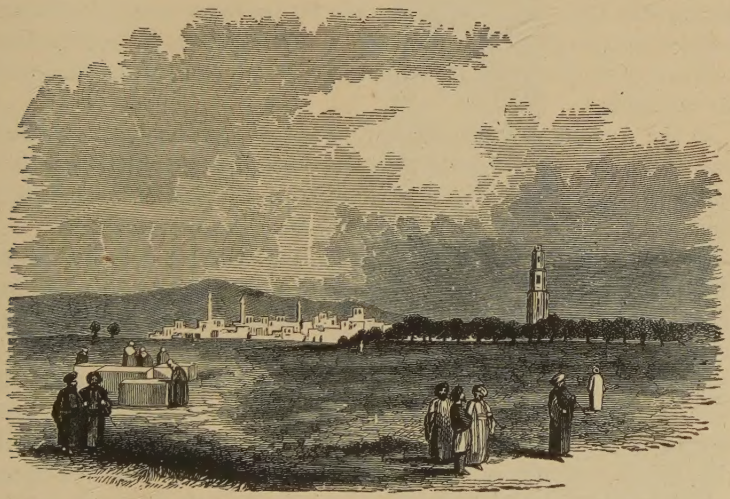
The view from the elevated gallery of the hotel was one of intense interest. Around us spread luxurious gardens of orange

JAFFA FROM THE NORTH.

and lemon, apricots and figs, pomegranates and olives, with here and there, rising in graceful beauty, the feathery foliage of a palm. The air was fragrant with the orange blossoms, the landscape was of deepest verdure, the sky above of brightest blue, reflected in the deeper blue of the broad Mediterranean. We felt that this lovely environment, at least, entitled the ancient town to its significant name of Yaffa, "the beautiful."

Our cut on the opposite page gives a good presentation of the ancient town, with its long wall skirting the water-front, above which rise the flat-roofed houses, studded here and there with dome and minaret, with the picturesque fishing-boats in the foreground.

The memories of Jaffa go back to the very beginning of his-



RAMLEH—ARIMATHEA.

tory; being mentioned as part of the inheritance of Dan, in Joshua xix. 46. Hither came the "floats" of timber hewn on Mount Lebanon, by the workmen of Hiram, king of Tyre, for the building of the temple at Jerusalem. Here Jonah took ship on his eventful voyage. Conquered by Sennacherib, and re-conquered by the Maccabees, it fell successively under Greek and Roman sway. Captured by Saladin, re-captured by Cœur de Lion, taken by the Saracens, it was again taken by Napoleon in 1799, after a tremendous slaughter. It soon, however, fell from his grasp, and his dream of an Oriental empire was shattered.

Our first walk through the quaint old town was full of romantic interest. We went through narrow, tangled streets and crowded bazaars, filled with busy traffickers in the many-coloured garbs of

the Orient, and jostled by laden camels, horses and donkeys. We visited the Greek and Latin convents, large rambling structures, where the serge-clad brotherhood furnish bread to the pilgrims who come by thousands to visit the sacred places of Palestine, especially at the Greek and Latin Easter, which this year happened to occur at the same date. They also furnish food and lodgings to travellers who will share their frugal fare and put up with their narrow cells. I climbed to the seventh story of the Latin hospice, and was suavely received by a lay brother in brown serge gown and sandalled feet. The refectory and cells—that is the proper name; they are narrow chambers like those of a prison—were scrupulously clean and furnished with more than Spartan plainness and austerity. Timber being very scarce and dear throughout Palestine, the houses are built almost entirely of stone, —stone stairways, vaulted ceilings, flat stone roofs, and stone floors —bleak and cheerless in winter, but cool and pleasant during the hot season.

In the Armenian monastery we were shown the room in which tradition avers that Napoleon caused the victims of the plague to be poisoned, presumably to prevent infection, but it is difficult to ascertain the truth of even so recent an occurrence.

Among the sandhills of the beach is still shown the spot where some four thousand Turkish and Albanian soldiers, who had surrendered as prisoners of war, were ruthlessly shot down by this truculent tyrant.

The chief New Testament association of Joppa is that connected with Peter's wonderful vision of the open heaven and the great sheet let down, and the strange, new teaching, that to the Gentiles also had come the manifold grace of God. We visited the so-called house of "Simon the Tanner," by the sea-side, and passing through a dark alley, climbed the outer stone stairs to the house-top. An old well, with a stone curb, in which were deep grooves, worn by the rope with which the water was drawn, was shown as that from which Simon filled his tan vats. These puerile identifications severely tax one's credulity, but we felt a new force and beauty in the Scripture as we Gentiles from over the sea read the sacred narrative of the large love of the common Father of us all for all the creatures whom He had made. The house, at least, is by the sea-side, and not far off tanners were prosecuting their ancient craft.

We saw, also, the alleged site of the house of Dorcas, whose labours for the poor have been an inspiration to Christian women through all the centuries; the place where Jonah was cast up by the whale; and the scene of the fabled rescue of Andromeda by

Perseus. But the most interesting sight we saw in Jaffa was the Mission school, conducted by Miss Arnott and other ladies, Scottish and Syrian, who love the children for the Master's sake. The bright and beautiful Syrian girls sang for us very sweetly, "He shall lead His flock like a shepherd," "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and "God be with you till we meet again"—the last hymn which I heard before leaving my native land.

One of the most interesting architectural "bits" near the gate of the town was a picturesque public fountain, surmounted by an octagonal domed structure, formed by eight pointed arches with dog-tooth moulding, supported by stone columns. This, doubtless, for centuries, like the public fountains of the East generally, has been a place for concourse and gossip of the women, who are the chief water-bearers of Oriental life.

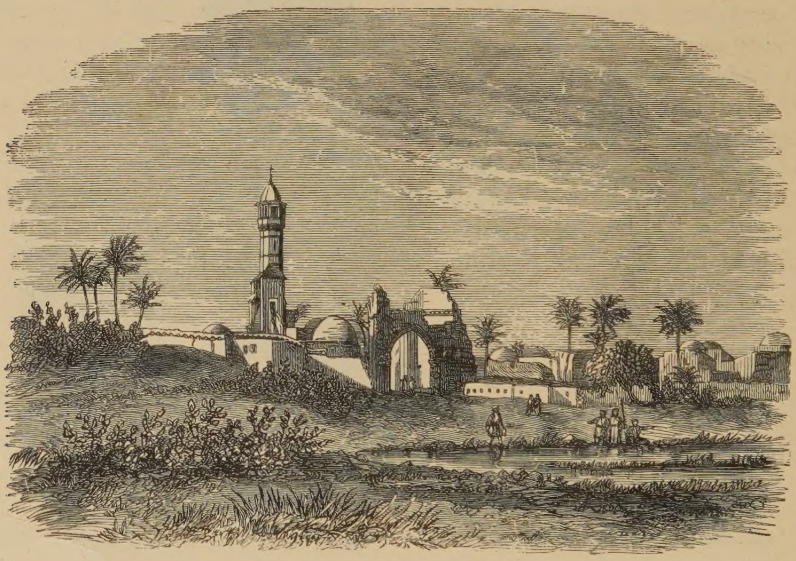
WHITE TOWER OF RAMLEH.

We were fortunate in making arrangements with Mr. Rolla Floyd—one of the oldest, most experienced, and best informed dragomen in Syria, who knows his Bible "from Hebron to Damascus," better than other any living man—for our thirty days' journey through the Lord's land. Nor had we occasion for a moment to regret it. Though not now personally conducting tourists through Palestine, he has trained a number of excellent dragomen in the school of practical experience, and we also enjoyed for some days in Jerusalem Mr. Floyd's masterly exposition of the different theories of identification of the sacred sites of the city. In Mr. Abdallah B. Kayat, our dragoman throughout Palestine and Syria, we found not only an accomplished guide, but also a friend, tried and true, whose thoughtful care for our safety and comfort, whose unvarying courtesy and unwearying kindness and vigilance for our welfare can never be forgotten.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon on which we took

carriage for the first stage of our journey to Jerusalem. The memory of that ride through the Lord's land can never be effaced. Our road lay first through gardens and orange groves. The path was bordered on either side by dense hedges of the cactus, or prickly pear, a sturdy, rugged growth, with great fibrous stems, from which sprung thick green leaves which have been compared to Scotch "bannocks, stuck full of needles," the most common hedge throughout Palestine.

Near the town is a graceful roadside fountain and tomb, commonly called the tomb of Tabitha (Dorcas). It is a triple-domed structure, with three graceful arches, and is overshadowed by a



LUDD—THE MODERN LYDDA.

group of tall, stately cypresses. It is generally surrounded by a picturesque group of camels, donkeys or horses, drinking at the cool fountain, or resting in the shade.

We soon left the town behind us and entered upon the large and fertile plain of Sharon, whose very name suggests a number of sacred and tender associations, recalling the biblical descriptions of the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, and the loveliness of the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. The fields were gemmed with flowers, conspicuous among them the pink and white daisies, red poppy, tulip, cranesbill, white iris, yellow broom, a broad-leafed lily of the valley, not yet in flower, and crimson anemones, the latter identified as the rose of Sharon.

Soon after leaving Jaffa we passed a hamlet, the ancient Beit Dagon, or house of Dagon referred to in 1 Samuel v. 2, reminding us that we were in the Phœnician territory. On either side of the road were, at intervals, Turkish guard-houses, where lodged soldiers who patrolled the road to suppress robbery and violence. Some of these we visited, and found a stone-walled chamber, with no furniture, save a rude couch, a charcoal fire for making coffee, and the ubiquitous hubble-bubble, or Oriental water-pipe. The guards were civil fellows, in baggy trousers, red sash, embroidered jacket, and scarlet fez, wearing a ferocious moustache, and having a whole arsenal of weapons in their girdles.

The vast plain was without fence or field to break up its broad expanse of vivid verdure or of brown earth, where scores of ox teams, with their primitive wooden plough, broke up the fallow ground.

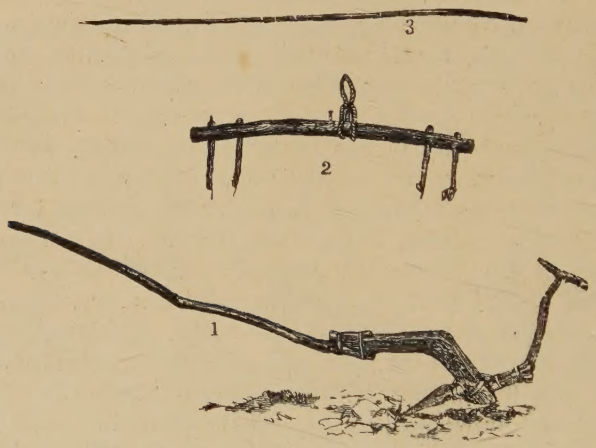
After about three hours' ride we halted at Ramleh, an Arab village, identified as the Arimathea of Scripture, where dwelt the rich man in whose garden our Lord was buried. Climbing the ruinous stone stairway of one hundred and twenty steps, of a noble stone tower, known as the White Mosque, a magnificent view was revealed—stretching from Carmel to Gaza, including Ludd or Lydda, Ashdod, Gath, Gezer, Latrun (the home of the two thieves of the crucifixion), Amwas, or Emmaus, the valley of Ajalon, the distant peak of Mizpeh, and many another sacred place whose very name called up hallowed associations.*

In the evening light the view was of exceeding beauty. The distant mountains of Ephraim were gilded by the setting sun, the shadow of the tower lengthened across the plain, the verdure was of the most vivid green. Calm, soft, pastoral sounds, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, floated faintly up to the ear. The beautiful words of the Song of Solomon describe the scene: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." In the foreground were the white walls, domes and minarets of the town of Ramleh, surrounded by its fertile gardens. The tower seems more like that of a Crusader's church than the minaret of a mosque, but its history is uncertain. Extensive ruins strew the ground at the base of the tower, a number of arched recesses, surrounding a great quadrangle, in whose centre are the remains of a fountain. An Arabic inscription over the door states that the tower was built in 1318. That

* We would suggest that our readers follow our route in the map which accompanies these papers. It will greatly help in giving a familiar conception of the Lord's land.

was, probably, only a restoration. Mohammedan legend avers that forty companions of the Prophet, or, according to the Christian version, forty Christian martyrs repose in the subterranean vaults.

We drove over a rough road to the neighbouring village of Ludd (destroyed by Saladin, restored by Cœur de Lion), to see the church and tomb of St. George—the patron Saint of England —the victor over the dragon of the Christian hagiology. Leaving our carriage—for the narrow streets did not afford room for it to pass—we found our way to an ancient Greek church, whose priest showed us the crypt in which was a marble tomb bearing the inscription, O AGIOS GEORGIOS—Holy George—the saint after whom are named more churches in Europe than after any other.



1. PLOUGH. 2. YOKE. 3. GOAD.

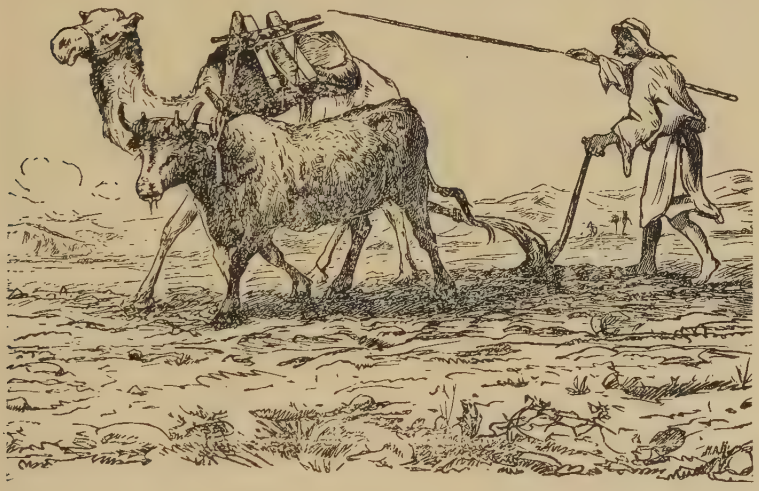
St. George was a Christian soldier of the third century in the army of the Emperor Diocletian. He was put to death as a martyr in Nicomedia. At Lydda Peter healed the paralytic Æneas, as described in Acts ix. 32–35; and here he was summoned by the disciples on the occasion of the death of Dorcas at Joppa.

At intervals on our way from Jaffa we had seen traces of the new railway to Jerusalem then under construction, and near Ramleh we heard the neigh of the iron horse, and came upon a construction train crowded with railway workmen. It seemed strangely incongruous, but soon shall be heard at Jaffa the cry, "All aboard for Jerusalem."

Near Ludd, we saw at a distance what seemed to be a group of white tents. As we approached it resolved itself into a pic-nic party of native women in their snowy robes, sitting on the ground. Three widely divergent types of people are seen through-

out Palestine. First, the Arab population—a swarthy race who live in squalid villages of earth or stone houses, whose women generally wear a coloured veil which entirely conceals their features.

Second, the Christian or Syrian population, as it is called. These are much fairer than the Moslems, and are a very handsome race—the women generally wearing a large white mantle, which contrasts well with their brunette complexions and black eyes. The Christian villages are much superior to those of the Moslems, and the people are kind and courteous, generally saluting the tourist with a graceful gesture and sweet, winning smile.



PLOUGHING WITH CAMEL AND OX.

The children especially, whom we saw in the schools and elsewhere, were exceedingly beautiful, bright, intelligent and docile. Such was the group we met at Ludd—the first of hundreds of such whom it was perpetual pleasure to greet. The utterance of the word, "*Neharahsaid*"—"May your day be pleasant"—never failed to evoke an answering smile and greeting. At Nazareth and Bethlehem, especially, were the Christian women dowered with remarkable beauty, a grace—says a popular tradition—derived from the relation of the Virgin Mary to both these places. Scores of these sweet faces have I seen that might serve as models for a picture of the Madonna, and many a young man whose manly beauty and free carriage and noble air suggested that just such a youthful bearing the Divine Carpenter of Nazareth might have had.

The native Jews share, in large degree, these characteristics, but the foreign Jews, who so largely abound, are of a distinctly inferior type. The beauty and grace of the children was a perpetual delight, and many groups recalled the sweet idyl of the Gospel where the Saviour took them in His arms and said "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

At the close of our first day in Palestine it was somewhat startling to be waited on at table by our faithful dragoman, wearing a loaded revolver in his girdle, and dressed in his picturesque Oriental garb—a long blue robe with white scarf over his shoulders, and silk kuffieh wrapped around his head.

It was strangely impressive at night to look up into the fathomless depths of the sky, whose myriad stars shone with a brightness rarely known in our atmosphere, just as they shone on Abraham when God promised that like unto them should his seed be for multitude.

Next morning we were up early and off at six o'clock for Jerusalem. We rode through thickets of huge cacti, of the prickly pear variety, till we got quite away from the village. Before us stretched the white road, winding in and out among the rugged and rolling undulations of the hill country of Judea. The view of the white walls and towers of Ramleh, as we looked back in the bright morning light, was one of rare beauty. Hundreds of sheep and goats, many of them entirely black, guarded by attendant shepherds, fed upon the near plains, while scores of teams of small-sized oxen dragged the rude ploughs through the stony soil.

Two of our ministerial party, who in their youth had often held the plough, assayed an exhibition of their skill, just to show the natives how to do it. It was not, however, a brilliant success. The first made a remarkably crooked furrow, the other so frightened the young steers that they ran away and dragged the plough futilely over the surface of the ground. The plough is the rudest and most primitive thing imaginable—a few crooked sticks, fastened together with thongs and wedges, a coulter that barely scratches the surface of the ground, a single shaft and handle, reminding one of the scripture, "no man having put his *hand* to the plough," etc. The goad has a sharp point at one end as a gentle persuader to the sluggish oxen, reminding one of the passage, "it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The whole affair is so light that it can be easily carried home from the field, yoke and all, on the shoulders of a man. Occasionally, though not often, the Arabs will yoke an ox and a camel together, as shown in the cut, or an ox and an ass. The latter, indeed, was expressly forbidden by the Levitical law.—Deut. xxii. 10.

We were traversing the border land which lay between the Philistines and the Israelites, a region fought over inch by inch by their respective armies. We passed El Latrun, the traditional site of the abode of the penitent thief, and Amwas, the ancient Nicopolis, for over a thousand years regarded as the Emmaus of the New Testament; but this is evidently a mistake, as Emmaus is described in the Gospel as "three score furlongs from Jerusalem," whereas this is nearly three times that distance.

To the left lay the beautiful valley, green with tender wheat, identified as the ancient Ajalon, the scene of the fierce battle with

NATIVE TYPES IN PALESTINE.

the Amorites, and beyond it the hill country of Gibeon. Down those steep declivities the discomfited Amorites fled before the victorious Israelites, while Joshua exclaimed, "Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

Beyond those hills stood the village of Ekron, where for a time the ark of God rested when sent back from Ashdod, and through these valleys went along the highway, "lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand nor the left, the milch kine yoked to the cart on which the ark of the Lord was laid." The whole scene came very vividly before the mind. We saw on every side the peasants tilling the fields of wheat and barley on the hill slopes, recalling the passage, "and they of Beth-

shemesh were reaping their wheat harvest in the valley, and they lifted up their eyes and saw the ark of the Lord and rejoiced to see it."

We halted to rest our horses at the rude stone village of Abu-Gosh, so named from a robber chief, who for over a score of years terrorized this whole region. The village has been clearly identified as the ancient Kirjath-jearim, "the city of forests," though no trace of forest can now be found. Here the ark remained for twenty years before its removal to Jerusalem. We wandered over the treeless hills, studded with beautiful flowers, and visited one of the robber caves in the limestone rock, now occupied by an Arab family with their very meagre pottery and furnishings. From a high hill-top we heard a wailing chant borne on the air, and saw through our glasses a group of women circling round a spot on a distant hillside. We set out to investigate, and soon met the procession of women and girls marching with locked hands in twos and threes and singing, in plaintive cadence, a lamentation for a dead sheik of a neighbouring village. Our dragoman interpreted the words as follows: "Our good sheik Mustafa is dead. Come, virgins, let us go to make lamentation for him. He was a good horseman. Our sheik Mustafa is dead, let us make lamentation for him." Curiously enough the deceased was a descendant of the robber-chief Abu-Gosh, whose tomb, revered like that of a saint, we saw in the neighbourhood.

On a neighbouring hill above the town some ancient ruins are pointed out as the house of Aminadab, whither the men of Kirjath-jearim fetched *up* the ark of the Lord. In a valley is an ancient church, probably built by the Crusaders, known as the Church of Jeremiah. The building is well preserved, and consists of nave and aisles terminating in three apsides. We scrambled down into a crypt beneath the church which seems to have been used as a stable. A spring below the church is named the fountain of Jeremiah. This is, probably, a mistaken identification of the birthplace of the prophet. Traces of faded frescoes and dilapidated Mosaics may still be seen in the crypt and apsis.

On a rounded hill near by are a few ruins where tradition avers the house of Obed-edom stood. "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household."—2. Sam. vi. 11. It makes that old Hebrew story very vivid to our minds, for whether these minor identifications are correct or not, it was over these hills, and through these valleys that in triumphal procession the ark of the Lord was borne to Jerusalem. We saw in the distance Mizpeh, *i.e.*, the Sentinel, the highest mountain near Jerusalem,

3,006 feet above the sea, where Saul was chosen king, called also Neby Samuel, the alleged birthplace and tomb of the prophet; also Gibeah of Saul, the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist in the hill country where Mary visited Elizabeth.

We descended a broad, deep valley, enclosed by rounded hills, terraced and covered with olives to the very top. This has been identified as the valley of Elah, where the stripling David encountered and slew the giant of Gath. We can almost behold the scene. These are the broad slopes on which "the Philistines stood, with a mountain on one side, and Israel with a mountain on one side, and there was a valley between them." In this

APPROACH TO JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

natural amphitheatre the uncircumcised Philistines defied the army of the living God, and here the stripling of Bethlehem, with his sling and smooth stones from the brook, brought the vain-glorious boaster to the earth. I climbed over a stone wall and made my way through a dense thicket to the dry bed of the stream, and there gathered water-worn pebbles, such as in the hands of the shepherd boy laid the proud Philistine low.*

The road wound like a white ribbon down the hill and through the valley and up the opposite slope. On a hill to the left lies the village of Kolonia. This white-walled village, with much probability, is identified as the Emmaus, where on the evening of the first Easter, Jesus revealed Himself to the disciples in the

* Lieut. Conder, however, places the scene of this conflict some miles farther south in another valley.

breaking of bread. It admirably fulfils the conditions, travellers going thither from Jerusalem must turn aside "as they draw nigh unto it," and others "who would go further" continue along the road leaving it to the right. Here we first come upon the foot-prints of the world's Redeemer. In long windings the road ascends the hill, on which on that most eventful day Jesus walked and talked to the disciples, "and beginning with Moses and all the prophets expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

At length after climbing what seemed an endless succession of barren, stony, rounded hills, the distant glimpse of a building is seen. Soon many new stone houses, embowered in gardens, come in sight; then the long range of the Leper Hospital and homes of the Jewish colony. But not till we climb the last hill, and ride through the new extra-mural suburb do the gray crenellated and battlemented walls of the City of the Great King come in sight. Even the most stolid nature cannot help feeling a thrill of emotion as, before him, surrounded by the engirdling hills, lies the Holy City, the joy of the whole earth—the scene of so much tragic history, so much glorious prophecy, of such long and bitter humiliation. The refrain of the old psalm keeps ringing in my ears, "My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." But though most of my readers may be denied this privilege, the infinitely greater privilege may be theirs, to stand within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem—to walk its golden streets, to share its sacred songs, to see the King in His beauty, and to go out no more forever.

SONNET.

BY MRS. L. A. DES BRISAY.

Oh Thou! who art my soul's best, truest Love!
My chosen, chiefest of ten thousand, Thou!
O let my aching heart, and throbbing brow,
And heavy griefs, Thy soul's great pity move—
The glorious promises fulfilled I prove
The Comforter Divine dwells in me now;
Even Thou art with me, O Thou gentle Dove,
The same which broodeth o'er chaotic night
Doth permeate and fill my ransomed soul
And glory radiant—uncreated Light
Fills my soul's vision—O how bright!
Peace, joy ineffable are my delight,
And soon heaven's harmonies shall o'er me roll
Its glories break on my enraptured sight!

Halifax, N.S.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN

AND HER FAVOURITE HEALTH RESORT—AIX-LES-BAINS.

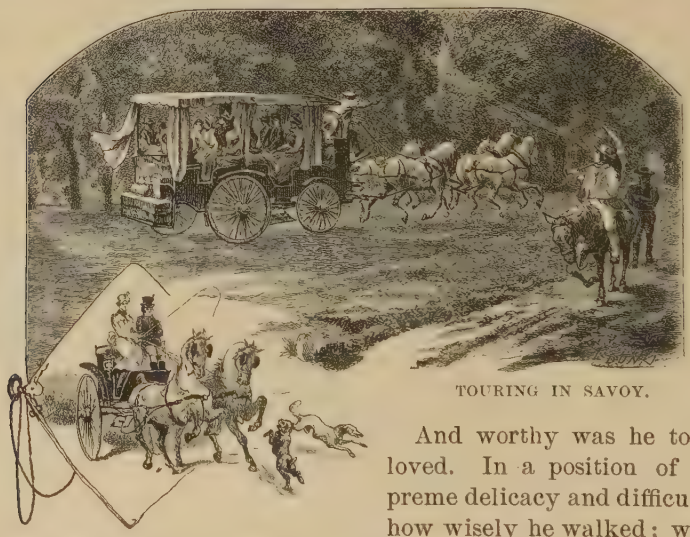
QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE approach of Her Gracious Majesty's seventy-fourth birthday presents a fitting occasion for a tribute to her character, and an account of one of her favourite health resorts.

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to "fear God and honour the king." This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official dignity, are

calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people, than our revered and honoured widowed Queen.

But not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.



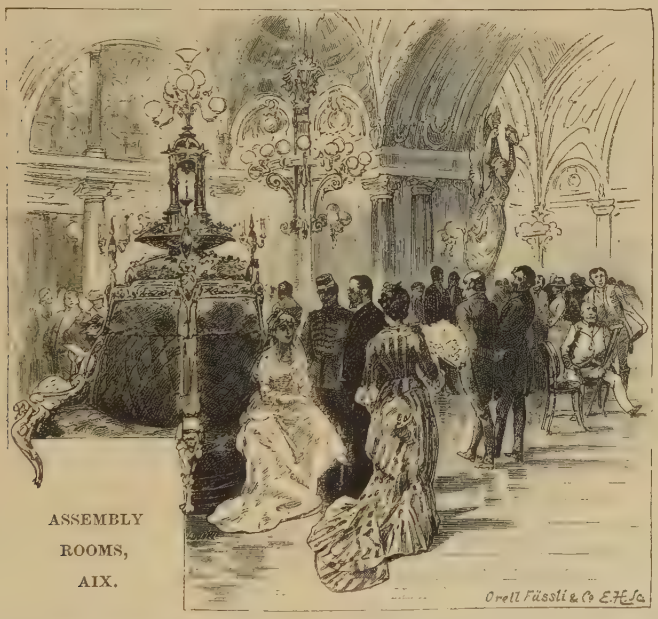
TOURING IN SAVOY.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of supreme delicacy and difficulty, how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathizing friend to his royal consort; what a godly example to his household, to the nation, to the world!

Can we wonder that his untimely death left the world forever poorer to the sorrowing Queen; that the pageantry of State became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for over a score of years she has worn unrelieved her widow's sombre weeds. Well might the late Laureate say:

> Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
> Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
> Remembering all the beauty of that star
> Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
> One light together, but has past and left
> The crown a lonely splendour.

Yet even this touching fidelity to the dead has been construed into a fault by the mercenary instinct that considers a sovereign's chief duty to be to lead the fashions of the hour, to stimulate trade by royal pomp and splendours. The discharge of duties of State the nation has a right to expect, and these the Queen, with indefatigable zeal, has fulfilled with a devotion, a wisdom, a watchfulness, a firmness, a sympathy with her people, an appreciation of international relations and of the responsibilities of the times, that have commanded the approval of the shrewdest statesmen and the respect of foreign powers. The Queen has



ASSEMBLY ROOMS, AIX.

ever shown herself the friend of peace, and by her earnest remonstrance against war has not infrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the bereaved widows of President Lincoln and President Garfield smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents. Nor are her sympathies restricted to the great. They extend alike to the humblest of her subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick children in the hospitals, and in homes of want, her heart goes forth with loving sympathy, her private purse is opened in generous aid. These are truer claims to a nation's

love than the material splendour of a Semiramis or a Zenobia. And that love has not been withheld. Upon no human being have ever been converged so many prayers, so many blessings and benedictions. Throughout the vast Empire that with its forty colonies engirdles the world, wherever prayer is wont to be made, go up petitions for England's Queen. In Australian mining camps, in far Canadian lumber shanties, in the remotest hamlets, and in the fishing villages that line almost every sea, the patriotic devotion of a loyal people finds utterance in the words, "God save the Queen!"

STREET IN AIX.

Our loyal and patriotic General Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman, thus apostrophizes Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen:

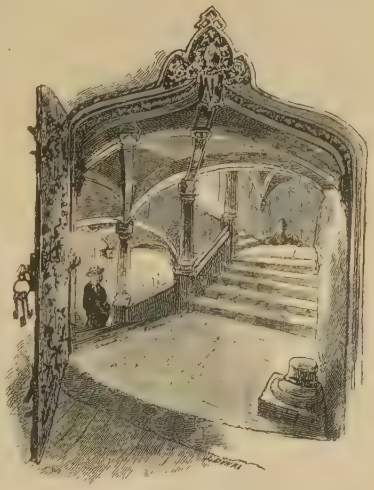
"Surely our God hath set on high our Sovereign among the princes and potentates, the rulers and kings of earth. There is a sense, by no means degrading or irreverent, in which the language of prophetic inspiration concerning the Church of Christ may be spoken in all gratitude and humility of the sublime exaltation of our Queen, our throne, and our empire among the peoples and powers of all lands: 'The nations shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.'

"The glories of the reign of our noble Queen and the splendours of this fifty-fifth year of her glorious reign are not of yesterday, nor for the moment; but gather in light and glory from bright successions of illustrious events and long lines of royal splendours. Perhaps Queen Victoria's chief excellence is that she fulfils royally the injunction of the adorable Lord: 'Let thy light shine!'

"Our Queen letteth royal light, royal splendours shine. She receiveth the light and transmitteth it. Her glory is, she beareth herself well as a constitutional sovereign. It is not the effort of dignity or strain of prerogative, but the quiet behaviour of good sense and righteousness. Plain

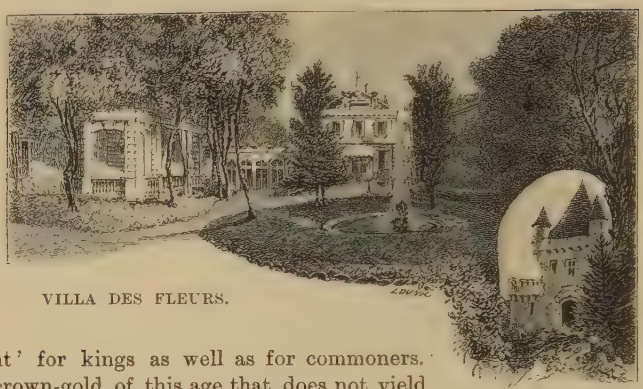
PUBLIC FOUNTAIN, AIX.

principles, and wise, ordinarily gentle measures are best both in the home and the State ; and along this easy path the Queen of England has happily learned to journey. Love, truth, trust and right, sympathy and help are as good for the millions as for the sons and daughters, the brothers and sisters, that make up the millions ; and so the imperial sceptre, at the touch of the gentle, discreet and affectionate mother's instinct, is more potent than the arm of the tyrant, the flashing of his million bayonets, the tramp of his ten thousand chargers, and the roar of his thousand cannon.



STAIRCASE IN THE CHATEAU.

"We love and revere her because she is what she ought to be and does what she ought to do. And she is what she ought to be with such a quiet majesty, and does what she ought to do so naturally and easily. Lifted on high she receiveth the light and ought to reflect it, to transmit it, yea, with ever-increasing brilliancy. There is an omnipotent



VILLA DES FLEURS.

'ought' for kings as well as for commoners. The crown-gold of this age that does not yield a rich and mellow lustre is indeed base metal. The crown jewels of these times that do not flash with far-descending, ever-multiplying splendours, thrown on from generation to generation, from kindling fire to towering flame, are far from gems of the 'first water.'

"The highest, grandest opportunity of earth is the opportunity in the Providence of God accorded our Queen; and skilfully, richly, nobly is she improving it, our enemies themselves being judges. She began well when she said to the Archbishop conveying the intelligence of her accession to the throne, 'Let us pray.' For five-and-fifty years she has done well and wisely, making it all the easier to be loyal to the crown and the throne, and especially the person of Her Majesty. Her careful use of prerogative, her deep interest in the welfare of all her subjects, her ready retirement from the places of public show and applause, her easy and natural manifestation of all queenly excellencies and womanly graces, her shining virtues rebuking iniquity in high places, and more than all, her love, care, fidelity and devotion as the wife and the mother—those high and holy relationships of Divine appointment—have endeared her to the millions over whom she sways the sceptre, and commands as well the admiration and tender regard of the great majority of mankind.

CHALET AT MARLIOZ.

"Revering such a ruler, we revere venerable justice, ancient law and order, perpetual peace and eternal right. Honouring such a government, we honour human brotherhood, the equality of citizenship, the ennoblement of character, and the aristocracy of goodness; that is to say, we honour and ennoble ourselves, and strengthen ourselves in the upward struggle to the excellence for which God made us. Loving our Queen, as things now are, we go a long way towards loving what things are true, what things are honest, what things are just, what are pure, what are lovely, and what are of good report. This respect, honour and love is loyalty. True loyalty to a sovereign, faithful, able, righteous and

RESTAURANT
OF THE VILLA DES FLEURS.

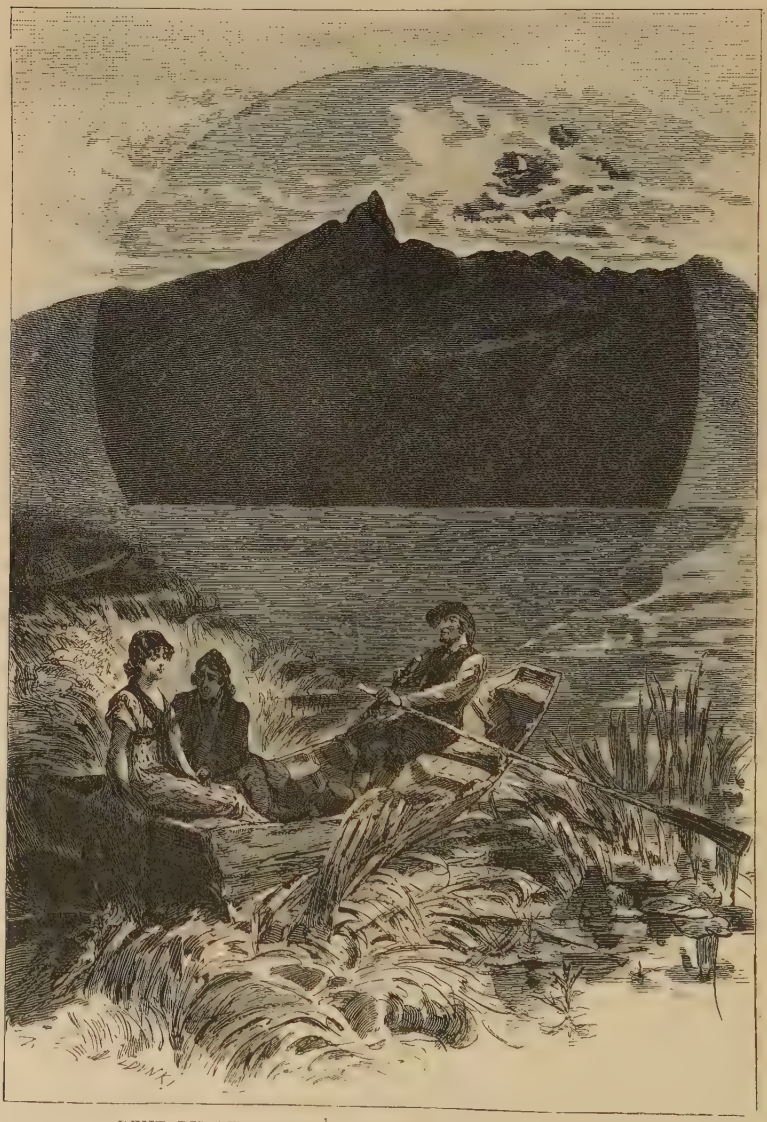
benign, and true worship of the Sovereign Lord of all, are in some measure alike, in some regard akin. Both are ennobling: they invigorate virtue, purify and elevate society, and bless and adorn our human kind.

"Loyalty, as truly as any thought, or any system, or any substance in this world or in the next, has its basis, its life, its sphere, its power, its crown and glory. It is a sentiment, to be sure; at the top, a sentiment; but down in its foundations, deeper than the roots of the snow-capped mountains, down in the springs of its life and power, it is a conviction, an intelligence, the eternal obeisance of reason to the true, the beautiful and the good. Happy that people that can be loyal to their Sovereign, and at the same time true to truth and loyal to the right. As far as human affairs in our century allow it, we are that people."

The time was when a sovereign was not permitted to leave the realm without permission of the high estate of Parliament. There was danger of being kidnapped, of being held as a hostage for ransom, or perhaps, of being confined in prison, as was *Cœur de Lion*. But in these piping times of peace, kings and queens can travel as freely as other folk, only it costs them a good deal more to do it.

When travelling abroad Her Majesty usually adopts the *incognita* of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this

"travelling name" to that of the Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.



DENT DU CHAT—CAT'S TOOTH, NEAR AIX-LES-BAINS.

The *suite* abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. As at home, despatches and telegrams follow Her Majesty, or await her at the

halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

The beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, and the sunny southern slopes of the Alps, of Savoy, and Italy, present many charming health resorts which the Queen has frequently visited. One of the most charming of these is Baveno, on Lake Maggiore, an earthly paradise in which we spent a few fleeting hours. Her favourite resort, however, is Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy, about fifty-five miles south of Geneva.

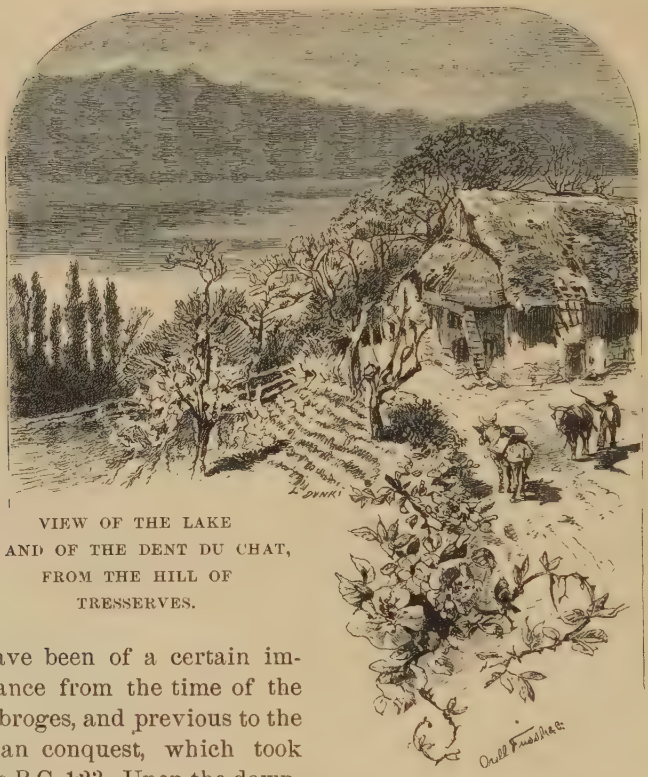
GORGE OF THE FIER.

If Savoy is one of the loveliest gems in the crown of Sardinia, Aix is one of the most brilliant jewels of the Duchy of Savoy. Built on a gently-sloping fertile declivity, it combines with a most agreeable climate a variety of enjoyments of every description, which, in addition to the efficacy of its springs, render Aix one of the very pleasantest resorts of invalids and even of persons in the full enjoyment of health.

The hills overlooking the town are studded with charmingly situated and comfortable villas, pavilions and châlets, commanding a superb prospect and surrounded by a pure and bracing air. A magnificent avenue, planted with trees and lined with gardens and hotels, leads from the railway station in the centre of the town to a pretty and well-kept park which affords invalids an easy promenade, where they can at their pleasure enjoy the vivifying rays of the sun or rest in the shade of the trees.

Agriculture is carried on with activity, and in certain districts the soil is very fertile. Forests of beech, pine, and larch girdle the mountains. The vine, the chestnut, the mulberry, the walnut, and even the almond adorn the valleys.

Few towns are able to boast of a greater antiquity. Aix appears



VIEW OF THE LAKE AND OF THE DENT DU CHAT, FROM THE HILL OF TRESSERVES.

to have been of a certain importance from the time of the Allobroges, and previous to the Roman conquest, which took place B.C. 123. Upon the downfall of the empire of the West, the barbarians who flung themselves upon the Roman possessions did not permit Aix to escape their ravages; the town was successively burned and pillaged by the Vandals, the Huns, the Franks, and the Saracens.

The castle of the Marquis d'Aix is the only remaining monument of the sixteenth century. The eastern façade has been entirely rebuilt, and the southern front repaired in the style of the era. The magnificent Renaissance staircase, shown in one of our cuts, is especially admired. There is an interesting museum of art and more particularly of archæology.

There are Catholic and Protestant hospitals and asylums, where the poor are received gratuitously, and others who have scanty means can receive treatment for 40 cents a day.

The hot sulphur springs of Aix-les-Bains are limpid, colourless, oily to the touch, diffusing a slight odour of sulphuretted hydrogen; they are of a soft taste and are not at all disagreeable to drink. The two springs together supply a total quantity of 880,000 gallons in 24 hours. The ordinary temperature of the alum

water is about 115° Fahrenheit, indicating an original depth of 4,000 feet. The operation known as *massage* is especially performed here with rare skill by a staff of attendants whose traditions have been transmitted, it is said, from father to son since the time of the Crusades, faithfully preserving secrets borrowed from the orientals.

Marlioz is reached from Aix by a magnificent road bordered by side-walks and planted with an avenue of lofty trees, affording continuous shade throughout the distance. In the park, which is beautifully laid out, and is of itself well deserving of a visit, we find an elegant châlet-restaurant with a pavilion of medical gymnastics, an open-air gymnasium for children, etc.

HAUTECOMBE ABBEY.

Splendid assembly rooms and concert halls have been provided for the public. In former times a good deal of gambling took place, but this has now been suppressed, and the number of visitors has grown from twenty to thirty thousand during the season.

To the north of Aix are the extremely interesting Gorge of the Fier, and the picturesquely situated château of Montrottier, an ancient feudal castle on the summit of a hill overlooking the surrounding country. The ascent of the Semnoz, "the Righi of Savoy," the summit of which affords visitors a comfortable night's lodging, enables them to enjoy the spectacle of an Alpine sunrise, and to admire Mont Blanc itself and a splendid panorama of more than a hundred mountain peaks.

The ascent of the Dent du Chat is another delightful experience. If we look attentively at the mountain of Epine we shall see an enormous isolated rock, presenting the appearance of an immense tooth. Above Bordeau this rock has quite a menacing aspect, being apparently suspended over the head of the spectator. However it is less dangerous than it looks, and few tourists care to

HAUTECOMBE ABBEY.
"QUEEN MARIA CHRISTINE PROTECTING THE ARTS."

miss the opportunity of making this beautiful excursion. After an easy walk of four hours we arrive at the summit (4,911 feet). The view now embraces a vast horizon extending on one side to Mont Blanc, on the other side as far as Lyons, which can be distinguished with a good field-glass in clear weather; nearer to us we have the Rhone meandering through the valley.

The traveller approaching Aix-les-Bains by the railway sees on his right, during some minutes, a stately edifice occupying a promontory which runs out into the Lake of Bourget, and standing boldly out against the grassy slopes of the Dent du Chat. This is the royal Abbey of Hautecombe, founded by Cistercian or Bernardine monks in 1125. Abandoned during the revolu-

tionary epoch, an attempt was made in 1799 to utilize for industrial purposes the extensive buildings which would otherwise have again quickly fallen into a state of dilapidation. A manufactory of faience ware was accordingly established here, and its products acquired a certain reputation, being excellent imitations of the best English pottery of this class; but the manufacture ceased in 1804, and the abandonment of this enterprise accelerated the ruin of the edifice in which the experiment had been made.

The main edifice consists of a nave with side aisles and transept, in the form of a Latin cross. Its ornamentation is extremely rich and varied. More than three hundred statues of Carrara marble and white stone contrast strikingly with the black pavement. To the lovers of sacred architecture and religious art, the old abbey utters, with profound impressiveness, a language of its own, which speaks to even the least thoughtful—in the dim religious light streaming through the painted windows emblazoned with pictures of apostles, martyrs, and saints; in the carven effigies on tombs and altars of the great and good, of knights and saints and benefactors; and sometimes, alas! of the great and evil, of cruel warriors and unknightly oppressors. The cut on opposite page is an impressive bit of the abbey church. The serge-clad monk, with his sandalled feet and shaven crown, seems almost as if he were a mediæval statue which had stepped down from his niche, and was wandering about, an anachronism in this nineteenth century, like a belated ghost at midnight, lingering in the light of day.

UPLIFT THE BANNER.

Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

. . . . . .

Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign.

—*Bishop Doane.*

THE CONFLICT FOR A CONTINENT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THIS is the theme of Francis Parkman's noble series of volumes on the French and English in North America. The great work on which the author has spent forty-five years of labour is recently completed by the issue of the volumes entitled "A Half

* *Pioneers of France in the New World; the Jesuits in North America; La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West; the old régime in Canada; Count Frontenac and the New France under Louis XIV.; A Half Century of Conflict* (2 vols.); *Montcalm and Wolfe* (2 vols.). By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Toronto: William Briggs.

NOTE.—This article is abridged from a review of Parkman's works by the editor of this magazine, in the *Methodist Review.*

Century of Conflict." No grander historical monument has been completed by any American writer. On none has such an exhaustive study, continued for so long a series of years, been bestowed. None is of greater interest to the English-speaking people both of the United States and Canada. None abounds more with picturesque incidents, with stirring deeds by flood and field, with scenes of heroic valour, of deepest pathos and of grimmest tragedy. The theatre of the story is broad as the continent —from the storm-swept coast of Cape Breton to the farthest Occident,

> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings ;

from the ice-bound Arctic wastes of Hudson's Bay to the silver strand of Biloxi in the Gulf of Mexico.

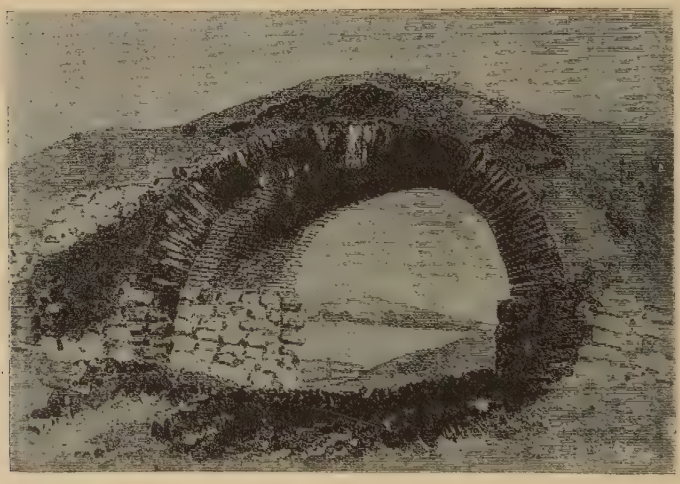
There is a unique dramatic unity about this story of a century and a half of conflict. The struggle began with the earliest settlements of the French and English on this continent. When the first colonists at Port Royal, on the Bay of Fundy, and at Jamestown, in Virginia, could scarce hold the Indians at bay outside of their stockaded forts, while behind them, in its illimitable vastness, stretched the trackless forest, they yet in cruel reprisal harried each other's settlements. Each colony, though occupying only a few acres of an almost boundless Dominion, was insanely jealous of the possession of a single foot of it by the other.

Deeper and deeper grew the embittered strife—not only in the New World, but in the Old the deadly conflict waged—on the banks of the Ganges, on the shores of the Gold Coast, as well as on the banks of the Ohio and the St. Lawrence. More and more closely the coils of fate were wound round the French colony, till at last, on the Plains of Abraham, the battle was fought which snatched forever the dominion of this continent from the French, and gave it to the English-speaking race.

This was a conflict, not merely between hostile peoples, but between Democracy and Feudalism, between Catholic superstition and Protestant liberty. The issue at stake was whether mediæval institutions, the principles of military absolutism, and the teachings of Gallican clericalism should dominate, or whether the evolution of civil and religious liberty, of free thought, free speech, a free press, and the universal genius of free institutions, should find a field for their development as wide as the continent. The problem was whether on the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi, on the shores of the great lakes, and amid the vast prairies of the far West, should grow up a number of free commonwealths, or whether an intellectual atrophy and religious

superstition, such as we behold to-day on either side of the lower St. Lawrence, should characterize also the whole, or greater part, of what is now the Canadian Dominion and the American Union.

No American writer—we think no other historic writer of any country—has more carefully collated his facts, has more thoroughly weighed the evidence, has more honestly and candidly evolved his conclusions, than Francis Parkman. In the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in seventy manuscript volumes, most of them folios, a great portion of this evidence has been filed. But the range of reading, the exhaustive study, the extensive travel required for the production of this historic series, cannot readily be estimated. In writing the history of the



ANCIENT ARCHWAY IN THE OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS (PORT ROYAL).

Dominion of Canada, the present writer has largely consulted the same authorities as the distinguished American historian. We can, therefore, bear testimony, from personal examination of the contemporary writers cited, to the thoroughness of his research, and the justice and candour of his conclusions. No American historian has surpassed in fascination of style and absorbing interest of narrative, the author of the volumes under review.

Parkman's literary style is admirably suited to the theme which he treats—a style now pure and limpid as a mountain brook, now gorgeous with colour, like a forest stream reflecting the autumn foliage. With full volume, yet with many a local eddy and rippling affluent, sweeps on the steady current of this historic tale; now rushing, in scenes of turbulent struggle, like

the rapids of St. Lawrence; now spreading, in expanses of peaceful truce, like its transparent lakes.

A writer in the *Christian Union* thus sketches the personal history of this accomplished writer:

Dr. Parkman comes of an ancestry distinguished for scholarly attainment and achievement, and so early was his own taste and aptitude for literature disclosed, that in 1840, at the age of seventeen, he was meditating on a history of the French and Indian wars. This project took definite shape, and from boyhood the work of a lifetime has been pursued with exceptional consistency and inspiring steadfastness of aim and endeavour. After his graduation from Harvard College, in 1844, Dr. Parkman travelled in Europe, devoted two years to the study of law, and made the long and arduous journey in the far West which yielded him large returns of material for his work, but exacted a permanent sacrifice of health. The first fruit of that journey and of the life of an explorer and hunter was "The Oregon Trail." Four years later appeared "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," the first of the notable histories so recently completed by the publication of "Fifty Years of Conflict." It was the rare good fortune of the young historian to find a field practically untouched, and full of the richest material of personal achievement, and historic movement and activity, requiring for its fit and enduring presentation the industry, dispassionateness of temper, freshness of imagination, and beauty of style which he brought to his work. That work involved constant dealing with religious differences, characteristics and conflicts that still glow under the ashes, but its conclusions have never been successfully questioned. It has also a genuine and admirable literary quality, which makes it at the same time both history and literature.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties which have beset Parkman's work from the beginning, or the constant courage with which they have been met and overcome. There has been a heroic quality in the life of this quiet scholar and man of letters, which will not be forgotten. What gives this task its heroic quality, is not its magnitude, but the limitations of sight and strength under which it has been achieved. For three years the historian neither read nor wrote; for long periods he was reduced to the narrowest possible limits of time in the use of his eyes; for months together neither eyes nor nerves permitted more than five minutes' consecutive work during the day; entire cessation of all work was frequent and prolonged. Under these conditions a large field of history has been studied in widely scattered original documents; a long story told with fascinating charm of manner; and a task taken up in youth completed in age. The story can only be hinted at here; told with any degree of completeness it is a record of devotion, patience and steadfastness not surpassed in the history of literature.

Dr. Parkman entered into his undertaking with such ardour and enthusiasm that, before he was aware of it, he had overtaxed his strength, and had prepared the way for permanent physical infirmity—not that of eyesight (as was the case with Prescott), except to a limited extent, but a tendency to congestion of the brain, which has all his life long withdrawn him from the field of active duty, and has constantly interfered with his work

as a scholar, now reaching him in disability of this organ, and now in the infirmity of that, and constantly limiting him in his hours of work, and compelling him to go at a snail's pace, when he felt as if the only satisfaction to his spirit would have been to march forward like a colonel at the head of his regiment.

His physical infirmities have been a tremendous drawback in his life-work, but his spirit has been so resolute, and he has lived so much above his limitations of body, that through interruptions innumerable ; through disability which compelled the laying aside of the work for years at a time ; through changes of fortune and periods of storm and stress, his motto has always been, "This one thing I do." He thinks and works, resting three hours where he works one, and realizing constantly the meaning of Milton's noble line,

They also serve who only stand and wait.

His work as a thinker and writer is limited to short intervals during the day. If he were able to compose five hundred words a day, it would be regarded by him as a great accomplishment. His habit has been to compose his story without writing it, and to carry it, as Wordsworth did, in his memory until, if he was unable to write it himself, he could dictate it to another person.

It is still another of the many intellectual and moral ties between the people of the Canadian Dominion and those of the American Republic, that it was reserved for a gifted son of New England to paint this great historic masterpiece, in colours which shall never fade, and with a beauty which can never die. But this story belongs not less to New England than to Old England. The brave actions on the side of the British were shared by the hardy English colonists of Nova Scotia, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, aided in part by New York and Pennsylvania, and by England's oldest colony, Virginia. On them fell the brunt of the struggle, and by their valour and fidelity its happy results were chiefly achieved.

It is a strange blending of the civilized and savage that enters into this stirring story. Scenes in the court of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and of St. Stephen's and St. James, alternate with dusky groups around the council fires of the immemorial forests. The peruked and powdered Louis XV., and his bepatched and bediamonded court dames, and the sturdy Protestant hero, William III., and the great sovereign of letters, Queen Anne, by turns appear. The roar of cannon from the mediæval heights of Quebec follows the pageant of mighty navies in the harbours of Boston and Louisburg. The crusading knight-errant, Champlain; the stern, feudal baron, Frontenac; the gallant general, Montcalm; the intrepid martyr missionaries, Lalemant, Jogues and Brébeuf; colonial magnates, as Governor Shirley and Col.

Pepperell; gallant Lord Howe and General Wolfe, dying in the arms of victory; William Pitt, the great Commoner, who made true his proud boast that "England should moult no feather of her crest;" and Col. George Washington, whose word "kindled the continent into a flame," are some of the actors in this great drama.

It may repay our time and trouble to glance briefly at some of the more salient features of this long conflict, and to notice some of its far-reaching results.

That subtle and sinister system which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had belted the world with its missions, and won renown and execration in almost every land, gained some of its grandest triumphs, and exhibited its most heroic spirit in the wilderness of Canada. The Jesuits had numbered as converts hundreds of thousands of baptized pagans in India and the Moluccas, in China and Japan, in Brazil and Paraguay. They almost entirely controlled the religious education of youth in Europe, and kept the consciences of kings, nobles and great ladies, who sought at their feet spiritual guidance and counsel. They had won well-merited fame for attainments in ancient learning, for modern science, for pulpit eloquence, and for subtle statecraft.

For forty years—from 1632 to 1672—the Jesuit missionaries in Canada sent home to the superior of the order in France annual "Relations" of the progress of their Indian missions. They are written in the old French and quaint spelling of 200 years ago. These volumes are a perfect mine of information on early Canadian history. They contain a minute and graphic account, by men of scholastic training, keen insight and powers of observation, of the daily life, the wars and conflicts, the social, and especially the religious, condition of the Indian tribes. The missionaries toiled and preached, and prayed and fasted, without any apparent reward of their labour; the ramparts of error seemed impregnable; the hosts of hell seemed leagued against them. The Indian "sorcerers," as the Jesuits called the "medicine men," whom they believed to be the imps of Satan, if not, indeed, his human impersonation, stirred up the passions of their tribes against the mystic medicine men of the palefaces. These were the cause, they alleged, of the fearful drought that parched the land, of the dread pestilence that consumed the people. The malign spell of their presence neutralized the skill of the hunter, and the valour of their bravest warrior. The chanting of their sacred litanies was mistaken for a magic incantation, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mass for a malignant conjury. The

cross was a charm of evil potency, blasting the crops and affrighting the thunder-bird that brought the refreshing rain.

Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not; they were sustained by an enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The brave Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack, in time, that dread baptism.

Such zeal as that of these impassioned devotees was not without its reward. Inveterate opposition was overcome; many of the Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices, and many of them received Christian baptism.

Nevertheless, while giving due praise to the missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuits, Parkman records that the Christianity which they planted did not strike a deep root.

"While humanity," he adds, "is in a savage state, it can only be Christianized on the surface; and the convert of the Jesuits remained a savage still. They taught him to repeat the Catechism, which he could not understand, and practise rites, of which the spiritual significance was incomprehensible to him. To his eyes the crucifix was a fetich of surpassing power, and the mass a beneficent 'medicine,' or occult influence, of supreme efficacy."

In the ever-recurring conflict between the French and their Iroquois allies and the English, the New England settlements had to bear the brunt of border warfare. A reign of terror, desolation and death prevailed along the whole frontier. Within many a village palisade the sentinel watched the live-long night away. Every house was a fortress. No mother lulled her babe to rest, but knew that before morning the rooftree above her head might be in flames, or her infant's life dashed out by the blow of a tomahawk. Often, in shuddering dreams, the terrible war-whoop rang like a death-knell in her tingling ears. No man might go abroad in safety. As he held the plough, or reaped the scanty harvest, the bullet of a lurking foe, perchance, would whistle through the air, and the scalpless body would be left lying on the ground. Even little children gathering flowers, and mothers going to the well, or cooking the midday meal by their own hearthstone, were startled by the apparition of a dusky form, the glare of fiendish eyes, the gleam of a glittering knife, and were slain on the spot, or dragged off prisoners to a doom still worse than death.

On one and the same day the ferocious Abenaquis burst on every hamlet, lonely farmstead, or forest fastness, from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua, sparing neither hoary age nor childing

mother, nor tender infancy. Like human hyenas, they laid in wait for their prey, thirsting for blood, and after the savage spring, skulked off into the forest with the victims who were not slain on the spot. Blood-stained and smouldering embers were all that marked the site of many a happy home.

And baptized men surpassed in deeds of slaughter the cruel pagan of the woods. In midwinter of 1703-1704, Hertel de Rouville, with 200 French and 250 Indians, marched 200 miles on snowshoes to the little town of Deerfield, in Massachusetts. They laid it in ashes, and of its inhabitants, forty-seven bedabbled with their blood the snow, and 112 were dragged with inhuman torture through the wintry woods to Canada. On Sunday they made a halt, and Pastor Williams was permitted to preach a sermon from the text, "Hear, all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity." His wife, Eunice Williams, nerved her soul for suffering by reading her Bible. She soon faltered by the way, and committed her five captive children to Heaven, when the blow of a tomahawk ended her life.

Neither bribes nor threats could make the veteran missionary waver in his faith. "If I had the offer of the whole world," said the sturdy Puritan, "it would tempt me no more than a blackberry." The child of Pastor Williams was adopted by the Caughnawaga Indians and became a proselyte to the Catholic faith. No money could procure her ransom. She married an Indian chief, and years after, clad in Indian dress, visited her kin at Deerfield. But not the fasting nor the prayers of her people could win her back to the faith of her fathers. She returned to her wigwam in the forest, and to the care of her dusky babes. One of her grandsons became a proselyte, and for a time a missionary to the Indians. At a later period he was supposed by many to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. The descendants of another of these Deerfield captives adopted by the French, in 1866 numbered 982 persons.

One of the bravest exploits of the entire conflict was the capture of Louisburg, Cape Breton, in 1745. Parkman describes it as "a project of wild audacity." Louisburg was the strongest fortress in North America, and one of the strongest in the world. The French had spent twenty-five years in fortifying it, at a cost of thirty million livres. It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick at the base, and thirty feet high, and by a ditch eighty feet wide, and had a garrison of 2,000 men. It was a standing menace to all the British colonies in America, and was the haunt of privateers, who preyed upon their commerce.

All New England, and Massachusetts especially, blazed with

pious zeal for the capture of Louisburg. In a few weeks 4,000 colonial militia were collected, and William Pepperell, a country merchant and militia colonel, was appointed to its command. The Methodist evangelist, George Whitefield, being asked to furnish an inscription for the regimental flag, gave the inspiring motto: *Nil desperandum, Christo duce.* Indeed, in the eyes of the zealous Puritans, the expedition possessed quite the character of a crusade against the image-worship of the Catholic faith.

On April 29, 1745, a hundred vessels, large and small, under Commodore Warren, having been detained many days by the thick-ribbed ice off Canso, sailed into the capacious harbour of Louisburg. The French commander, after six weeks' gallant resistance, yielded to "the reckless audacity" of the New England militiamen. As the Puritan citizen soldiery marched into the town, and beheld the extent of its fortifications, they exclaimed: "God alone has delivered this stronghold into our hands," and a sermon of thanksgiving was preached in the French chapel. The fall of the strongest fortress in the New World before a little army of farmers and fishermen caused the wildest delight at Boston, and the deepest chagrin at Versailles.

Shirley and Pepperell now determined on attempting a still greater enterprise—no less than the conquest of Canada—and sought the assistance of the mother country in the undertaking. But an imminent danger threatened New England itself. A great fleet of sixty-nine ships crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of recapturing Louisburg, ravaging New England and destroying the town of Boston. Solemn services were held in the churches, to pray for deliverance from the danger. The French fleet was scattered and shattered by a furious storm, and—the pious Puritans believed in answer to their prayers—the New England colonies were saved from terrible disaster.

In Longfellow's fine poem, "A Ballad of the French Fleet," the situation is thus described by the Puritan pastor of the old South Church, Boston:

The lightning suddenly
  Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still and see
  The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
  The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud,
  Blew the October gale.

Like a potter's vessel broke
  The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
  Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
  They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
  With thine horses through the sea!

To the intense chagrin of the British colonists, the fortress of Louisburg, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was restored to

France. A score of years later, when garrisoned by thirty-five hundred men, and supported by ten ships of war, it had again to be captured. It withstood a vigorous siege for seven weeks. But Wolfe had overwhelming resources, and the town and ramparts were well-nigh demolished by shot and shell. The fortress constructed at such cost, and assailed and defended with such valour, was forced to surrender. Its massive walls were razed to their very foundations. The stones of its solid masonry were carried off to Halifax and Boston, and the huge fort soon fell into utter ruin. Where giant navies rode, and earth-shaking war

RUINS OF LOUISBURG.

achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few mouldering ruin-mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp and power and glory.

In 1754 an event occurred in the Ohio valley, which opened the last act of the drama by which the French were deprived forever of their sovereignty on this continent. The "Ohio Company," composed of London and Virginia merchants, began a settlement and fort on the site of the present city of Pittsburgh. George Washington, then a lieutenant-colonel in the American provincial army, was sent to hold the fort for the English. A French party was sent to drive him from the fort. As they sprang to arms for

the attack, Washington gave the command to fire. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the heights of Quebec, and in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent.

Then followed Braddock's unfortunate campaign, and Montcalm's victories at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The disasters of the British only served to arouse their intenser energy and determination. William Pitt was summoned to save the nation. His lofty bearing, noble patriotism and honest administration were the guarantee of success. He resolved on the absolute conquest of Canada, even at the cost of England's "last shilling and last man." He had a difficult task before him. "The French are masters, to do what they please in America," wrote Lord Chesterfield; "we are no longer a nation; I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." Yet Pitt raised England from this slough of despond to the pinnacle of glory. He infused his own energy into every branch of the public service. On the plains of Plassey, in the trenches of Louisburg, on the heights of Abraham, his influence was felt. From the general of the army to the private in the ranks, everyone caught the inspiration of his intrepid spirit.

The French girded themselves for what they felt to be the death wrestle. "We will bury ourselves, if need be," wrote Montcalm, "beneath the ruins of the colony."

The prodigality and poverty of the French court prevented sending reinforcements for the defence of Canada. "When the house is on fire," said the minister, "one does not mind the stables." On the part of Great Britain, tremendous efforts were made for the supreme struggle with French power in America. Pitt infused his own spirit into every branch of the service. The world was ringing with British victories. In India, a merchant's clerk, with a handful of men, had conquered an Empire where the foot of an Alexander had faltered. Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe—her fairest tropical possessions—were wrested from France. On the bloody plain of Minden her choicest troops were crushed before the British lines. At Quiberon Bay, her fleet, destined for the invasion of England, was shattered by the gallant Hawke. Alike on the banks of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Ohio, on the forts of the Gold Coast, on the Moro of Havana, and on the ramparts of Louisburg, the red cross banner waved triumphant, and it was destined soon to crown the heights of Quebec. In the

Indian Ocean, on the Spanish main, on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, British fleets everywhere swept the seas. "We must ask every morning," wrote Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is."

Pitt chose his instruments well. With the instinct of genius, he discerned the surpassing merits of the young hero of Louisburg, and entrusted to him the conquest of Canada.

Then followed the tightening death-grip on the fortress heights of Quebec and its heroic defence by its decimated garrison. The beleaguered city was reduced to the severest straits. "We are without hope and without food," said an intercepted letter; "God hath forsaken us!"

On the Plains of Abraham the battle was fought which irretrievably broke the power of France in the New World. The tidings of victory filled Old and New England with pride and exultation. The colonies, which had borne the brunt of the French and Indian wars for one hundred and fifty years, contributed their full share of valour and blood to the closing acts of this stern drama.

The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of the Middle Ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government in place of abject submission to a foreign power and a corrupt court. It gave the protection of the *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, instead of the oppressive tribunals of feudalism. For ignorance and repression it gave cheap schools and a free press. It removed the arbitrary shackles from trade, and abolished its unjust monopolies. It enfranchised the serfs of the soil, and restricted the excessive power of the seigneurs. It gave an immeasurably ampler liberty to the people, and a loftier impulse to progress than was before known. It banished the greedy cormorants who grew rich by the official plunder of the poor. The waste and ruin of a prolonged and cruel war were succeeded by the reign of peace and prosperity, and the pinchings of famine by the rejoicings of abundance.

The one hundred and fifty-seven years of French occupancy had been one long struggle against fearful odds, first with the ferocious savages, then with the combined power of the British colonies and the mother country. The genius of French Canada was a strange blending of the military and religious spirit. Even commerce wore the sword, and a missionary enthusiasm quickened the zeal of the early explorers. The reign of peaceful industry was now to succeed that of martial prowess, and was to win victories no less renowned than those of war.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE ZULUS.*

BY J. R. PATTERSON.

JOHANNES MAHONGA, A ZULU MISSIONARY.

As indicated by its title, this book records the experiences and observations of a Congregational Missionary who spent forty years in South Africa. The style is clear, simple and easy, and though the narrative is somewhat broken, the book sustains its

* *Forty Years Among the Zulus.* By Rev. Josiah Tyler, Missionary of A. B. C. F. M. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Pp. 300. Price $1.50.

interest from first to last. The description of the manners, customs and characteristics of the people is exceedingly graphic.

Natal is a British colony on the south-eastern coast of Africa, eight hundred miles north of the Cape of Good Hope. It has an area of 21,250 miles, and a population of about 365,000 souls. On the north it is bounded by Zululand, on the south by Cape Colony, on the west and north-west by the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. It was in this country, and not in Zululand proper, that our author laboured for forty years with unwearied diligence and no small degree of success.

On February 28, 1849, the day after his marriage to Miss Susan W. Clark, Mr. Tyler was set apart for the work of the ministry by the laying on of hands. His ordination was an occasion of unusual solemnity. At that time it was hard for people to believe that there was a single bright or healthy spot in Africa. It seemed like committing him to the grave, and hence the service was very funereal. What added pathos to the solemnity was the fact that those who took a prominent part in the service were near relatives of the candidate. His brother-in-law preached the sermon, his father gave the charge, and his own brother extended the right hand of fellowship.

This important service over, the newly-married young people lost no time in preparing for departure. In a few weeks they had sailed on the good ship *Concordia*, bound for the Cape of Good Hope. As was usual in such cases their departure was not without gloomy forebodings. Just previous to his marriage, Mr. Tyler had called on a physician who had known his intended wife from her childhood, and who was not at all pleased at the prospect of her going to a heathen land. During Mr. Tyler's stay the following rather abrupt conversation took place:

"Are you the young man who is going to take that delicate girl to Africa?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Tyler.

"Well," said the doctor, "mark my words: she will not live a year. Here is a box of medicine I present to you, keep her alive as long as you can; but before the year is out I shall expect to hear of her death."

But even doctors are not infallible. Twenty-two years later Mr. and Mrs. Tyler returned to America with their six children, all healthy white Africans. They visited the home of the old doctor; but the kind-hearted physician had himself passed away.

Arrived at the picturesque town of Natal, their first task was to reach the field assigned them. This was accomplished by chartering a native waggon—a huge vehicle with a box ten feet

long, covered by canvas stretched on bent poles, and mounted, without springs, on four great wheels. This primitive institution, drawn by twelve or fourteen oxen, is the bedroom, parlour and coach of the African missionary and traveller.

An African journey may have it inconveniences, it is true; but even here the law of compensation holds good, for a more picturesque or romantic mode of travel can hardly be conceived. The driver is a man of stentorian voice. He flourishes a gigantic fifteen-foot whip-stock, with a lash as thick as a man's finger and four or five yards in length. On the end of this lash is a huge cracker, the sound of which on a clear day is sometimes mistaken in the distance for the report of a rifle. Armed with this weapon he does not fail to impress upon each ox a sense of his responsibility. Notwithstanding the number of oxen to each waggon the travellers sometimes become stuck. In some cases as many as three or four teams are required to draw the vehicle out of a bog or up a steep hill. The teams are hitched together in a long string, and then a lively spectacle ensues. With forty-eight oxen straining, the drivers shouting and the whips cracking, a more exciting scene is seldom witnessed.

In due season the party arrived at Esidumbini, its destination, and Mr. Tyler applied himself to the work of house-building. In order to draw the timber necessary for the work, the waggon-home had to be dispensed with. Mrs. Tyler had been left at a mission station some twenty miles away, and her husband took up his abode in a native hut. A Zulu home is not divided into compartments; but at night the missionary was hid from his sable companions by a screen made of blankets. In addition to human-beings, calves and goats, rats and cockroaches find refuge in a native hut. True, the home was not very inviting; but it was the only one at hand and he made the best of it.

Nor was this close contact with the Zulus without its advantages. It brought him into friendly relations with his people; it gave him opportunities of studying native character, and enabled him to catch the intonations of the language. Moreover, it created within him a deep compassion for their degradation and a yearning desire for their rescue. It taught him sympathy for their spiritual blindness. It enabled him to confer small favours and give much needed help in secular affairs. Said St. Francis Xavier: "The smallest act of kindness, an obliging work and civil look, are no despicable part of a missionary's armour." Mr. Tyler found it even so. The Zulus were not ungrateful for the little services performed. Like civilized parents they were especially pleased by any attention shown to their children. Thus, by

"little acts of kindness, little deeds of love," their prejudices were conquered and their confidence won.

A house and chapel erected, Mr. Tyler entered upon the real work of a missionary. A preaching service was established; but it was hard for the natives to appreciate the value or understand the meaning of Christian worship. When they came to church it was with the lowest motives. Covetousness prevailed. In many cases, if a man was present on Sunday it was because he hoped to make a good bargain with the missionary on Monday. When children were sent to school the parents demanded payment for their attendance. Said one man who had come to church for about three years: "I am not coming any more. I get nothing for it."

Once, indeed, the missionary's heart was gladdened. At last it seemed as if the good seed had taken root in at least one heart. During a sermon on the storm of divine wrath which shall finally overtake unbelievers, the eyes of one man were fastened upon the preacher. His countenance showed the deepest interest. Already the pastor was beginning to rejoice over one sinner who had repented. But his joy was short-lived. Imagine the good man's feelings as the native approached and said: "Teacher, I thank you for your discourse to-day. I am so glad that a storm is coming, for my garden is all parched up with drought."

Great simplicity was needed in teaching; but occasionally the natives showed no small degree of shrewdness. Even to a heathen mind the great and awful problem of the origin of evil presented itself. One Sabbath morning a bright seventeen-year-old lad remarked:

"Do you say, teacher, that the great King in heaven has all power in heaven and in earth?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then, why didn't he take a knobkerrie (a native club) and as the serpent was creeping into the garden give him a rap on the head, and thus save the human family from all its woes."

Politeness being a natural trait of the Zulu, disturbances were rare. In general the best of order prevailed. Love and respect for the missionary constrained the people to behave with decorum. Once, however, there was a slight deviation from this rule. A young man, having probably imbibed too freely of native beer, became talkative and witty during prayer. Here was an occasion for a display of muscular Christianity. Stopping in the midst of his petition the missionary took the offender by the nape of the neck and quietly put him out of doors. The preacher then returned and resumed his devotions.

Like their paler brethren, the Zulus were not averse to displaying their finery in church. They came dressed in the goodliest apparel, and this, from a Christian standpoint, was not always in the best of taste. They are excessively fond of ornament. Brass rings, beads, feathers, etc., are the delight of the native's heart. Very scanty in bodily attire, they lavish attention upon the head. Their hair is particularly well cared for. Unmarried men dress it in the most fantastic shapes. "Now it looks like a sugar-loaf; now like two hills with a valley between." And the more rancid fat and butter they can get to put on their heads the better. Odoriferous substances are freely used, and perfume is now largely bought from the English merchants. When a church is filled with a congregation of Zulus, all freshly lubricated, ventilation becomes a matter of supreme importance. Missionaries need not only grace, but strong olfactory nerves; and often do the good men desire for their congregations a different kind of anointing.

At first the work was very discouraging. For five years Mr. Tyler laboured without seeing a single convert. But when we consider the difficulties of his position we are not surprised at the apparent lack of success. A heavy fallow ground had to be broken up. The spiritual senses of the people were sadly stunted and had to be developed. So much was this the case that their language was almost devoid of words expressing moral ideas. Their conception of God was vague in the extreme. They were enslaved by superstitious fears; and these fears prevented them from boldly examining the truth presented. They were afraid to become Christians lest their former gods should be displeased. One poor woman was so alarmed at the conversion of her son that she gave him a powerful emetic, in the hope that he would cast up his new religion.

Another thing that prevented them from readily adopting Christianity was an excessive and absurd ancestral veneration. In no case would they depart from the traditions of their fathers. Everything was judged by the standard of custom. When asked to enlarge the door of a hut, the owner replied, "My father crawled through, and so will I." When an improvement in farming was suggested they replied, "It is not our custom." They had a religion, such as it was; their progenitors had lived according to it, and the Zulus wanted nothing better. They were satisfied to live and die in the faith of their ancestors.

But the greatest obstacle was found in their own degrading vices, which enervated the mind, corroded the heart and blunted the moral sense. Chief among these vices we rank polygamy. A man was rich or poor, honoured or despised, according to the

number of his wives. Each spouse represented so much wealth. The average price of a healthy marriageable girl used to be from fifteen to twenty cows. Now the price is about ten cows. No one can conceive the misery and degradation resulting from this system. Woman is debased and made a mere chattel. Daughters become a part of their father's stock-in-trade. Man is brutalized and made lazy. True love is unknown. Unrest and suspicion make up the domestic atmosphere. All that a Zulu hath will he give for a wife, because, forsooth, she will support herself and do his work. And once entangled in the meshes of polygamy a man seldom escapes. Even when converted he finds it no small cross to part with his wives, who frequently claim their children. Rather than make the sacrifice required in "coming out from among them," many a man clings to his favourite sin, and dies an unconverted though not an unenlightened heathen.

Two other vices are the drinking of native beer and the smoking of wild hemp. From time immemorial beer has been the national beverage of the Zulu. On a winter day, when the women have not much to do, both sexes assemble in some large kraal and engage in drinking bouts. The mirth grows fast and furious; and not infrequently the assembly becomes a free fight in which clubs are flourished and heads are broken. The foul orgies practised at these gatherings are too vile for description.

Wild hemp, which abounds in South Africa, is smoked in long-stemmed pipes. It has a narcotic and sometimes even intoxicating effect. Gregarious by nature, the Zulus often assemble for a grand smoke, when the pipe is passed round from mouth to mouth. Occasionally one who has inhaled too much smoke falls over unconscious. Sometimes death ensues; but even if it does not the nervous system is terribly prostrated. So baneful are the effects of these practices, that the Church found it necessary to prohibit them among the membership under penalty of expulsion.

Other hindrances might be mentioned; but enough has been said to show the difficulties under which Mr. Tyler laboured. No wonder if at times he was almost in despair.

But every night has its morning. Much of the apparently lost labour was as bread cast upon the waters; its fruit was seen after many days. At length "the people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light sprung up." In course of time a church was established; and when, after twenty-one years of labour, Mr. Tyler left to take charge of another station, it was sufficiently strong to be committed to the care of a native pastor.

During 1871-2 Mr. and Mrs. Tyler spent two years in America. Four of their children were left in the United States to be educated.

On their return to Africa our missionary was stationed at Umsimduzi. Here at times he did the work of an itinerant, travelling among the kraals and villages, preaching wherever he could find an audience. We have not space to follow him in his work here, but at this station his labours were indeed abundant.

In addition to preaching, numerous pastoral duties had to be performed. In fact the missionary was preacher, pastor, teacher, doctor, and, so far as giving advice is concerned, lawyer of the community.

Mingling thus with his parishioners, Mr. Tyler had ample opportunity of studying their characteristics and customs. The Zulus are fine specimens of physical manhood—tall and muscular, with lofty foreheads and high cheek-bones. Their faces wear a pleasanter expression than those of the African negro; their lips are not so thick, nor their noses so flat. Their power of endurance is wonderful; and as they are swift runners they are often employed by the Government to carry Her Majesty's mails. Being men of large stature they have prodigious appetites, and are very fond of meat. Sometimes they gorge themselves like pythons. Four or five men have been known to consume a large pig in a single evening. Other characteristics might be mentioned, such as their etiquette, of which they have a well-defined code; their wit, spontaneous and sparkling; the general trustworthiness, and the terrible penalties they affix to stealing; their great sociability; their gratitude and their rude but sincere sympathy; their skill in debate and cross-examination; their fervid eloquence; the facility with which they acquire the mechanical arts. True, they are somewhat lazy and improvident; but, after allowing for all defects, we are forced to the conclusion that the Zulu is one of the noblest races of native Africans.

Some of their customs are peculiarly Jewish. For example, the practice of circumcision, and, till a late date, the rejection of swine's flesh; the fear to step on a newly-made grave lest they should contract a disease of the feet; the custom of widows marrying a brother of their former husbands; the naming of children after some circumstance connected with their birth; their sacrificial offerings; the observance of the feast of first-fruits; the ceremony of attaching to a cock the diseases of the people, and sending it by a fit person into the wilderness like the Jewish scapegoat; the cursing of an enemy before going to war; the eating with a spoon from one dish; the pouring water on the

hands by servants after a meal; the sprinkling of the doorway of a hut with medicinal water to keep away disease; the piling up of memorial stones, etc.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," Mr. Tyler laboured on after his return to Africa for eighteen years. In 1887 his wife died, and 1889 failing health compelled him to return to the United States.

In regard to the evangelization of this interesting people, Mr. Tyler is a decided optimist. Nor is there lacking evidence to confirm his cheerful opinions. Already a great change has taken place in Natal. Native churches are springing up. Zulu preachers are taking the places of white ministers, and thus the missionaries are enabled to penetrate into the regions beyond. Native education is making progress. Heathen children are being trained in the industrial arts and taught the Christian faith. The young in particular are turning to the Gospel; and native Societies of Christian Endeavour are being organized. What has been accomplished is only an earnest of what shall yet be done. Even the heathen recognize the inevitable destiny of their race. "It is only a question of time, sir," said a Zulu father; "our children are yours; they will certainly become Christians."

Macaulay, though by no means an infallible seer, was fond of prediction. In one of his earliest prophetic flights he tells of the ingenuous youths of the distant future being sent to the University of Timbuctoo, and of promising young authors mingling in the polished society of Cape Town. Why should his prophecy not be fulfilled? And if the rosy prediction of the great essayist ever should come to pass, it will largely be due to the lives and labours of such men as Rev. Josiah Tyler.

CATHCART, ONT.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTIAN PEACE.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

. . . . . .

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

. . . . . .

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light:
He tempers all.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

OLD ROBERT LIGHTUP.

BY THE REV. J. V. SMITH, D.D.

"WHO is planned to preach at our chapel this quarter?" was the question generally asked, when the new "Plans" came out, as they did with the utmost regularity on the Stonall Circuit. Stonall was a circuit among the valleys of Cumberland, of some thirty appointments, with about half a hundred local preachers and exhorters, and three "travelling preachers."

Whatever may be the disadvantages of the circuit system, it certainly affords splendid opportunities for godly laymen to "exercise their gifts" very much to their own advantage, and generally to the edification of the Church.

Most of the "appointments" were very small, in some instances nothing more than the "front room" in some Lydia's house, "whose heart the Lord had opened." Nevertheless, these little gatherings were often scenes of Pentecostal power, and many a champion of our Israel has been won for Christ in a plain little meeting-house, or some saintly widow's cottage.

The "trend" of the times seems to be for the large church and the "station," with the "pastor in charge," virtually relegating the local preacher to the limbo of the past. Whether this "new departure" is going to be any improvement on the old circuit system, as they have it in the land of our fathers, remains to be seen. Whether it will develop such a healthy, robust, aggressive individualism in the laity, is a question which is open to serious doubt.

This sketch, however, is not to chase a theory, but to portray a man. Our intensely practical age is crying out for the concrete rather than the abstract, for Christianity, as seen in individual life, rather than in the "Creeds of Christendom," or the complex machinery of ecclesiastical organizations. Hence the question with which we began: "Who is planned to preach at our chapel this quarter?" As many of the appointments could be visited by the travelling preachers only once a quarter, they generally took the opportunity when doing so to renew the quarterly ticket to the little band of members—possibly not more than half a dozen. It will be seen at once that if these little flocks were to have regular Sunday services, at least once in the day, they would be largely dependent upon "the goodly company" of the lay apostles.

As a rule, the local preacher received a warm welcome and was listened to with pleasure and profit, but there were a few who were special favourites, and the new plan was always eagerly scanned by young and old, of the various "appointments" to see if any of these "chosen few" were to be on hand during the quarter. Among the special favourites, our old friend Robert Lightup probably stood No. 1. Not because of his eloquence—he hardly knew the meaning of the word. He was a man of plain speech. The tricks of rhetoric were an unknown quantity to him. Nor was it because of his learning or any special intellectual gifts. Technically speaking, his learning was of the most elementary kind; as for intellectual power, he made no pretensions along that line. Yet, he *was* a man of power; but wherein his great strength lay it was sometimes very difficult to say. Originality, quaintness of appearance and speech, positiveness of religious convictions, together with an unimpeachable Christian character, would, no doubt, go a long way towards explaining the marvellous outcome of this good man's labours, but after the most searching analysis to find out the constituent elements of our manhood or womanhood, there is often an undiscovered remainder, which, more than anything else, may have had to do with making us what we are.

"Old Robert Lightup preaches at our chapel to-day." That is enough to secure a full house. Old and young are sure to be there, especially the young. Every available seat is filled before the hour of service begins. Everyone is on the tiptoe of expectation to see the grand old man take his place. Here he comes! Three minutes ahead of time, a short, stout man, fast climbing up to "threescore and ten;" bright, silvery hair falling on his shoulders in wavy circles; round face beaming with inward joy; lips full of laughter and tenderness; eyes sparkling with gladness, and the entire mien betokening one who lives "quite on the verge of Heaven."

It was a real benediction to see the sunny-faced, saintly old man stand up in the old-fashioned square box of a pulpit. With a strong Cumbrian accent, he would begin by saying:

"Christian friends! We are in our Father's banqueting-house, and we ought to be thankful for what we have enjoyed, and more than thankful for what we *may* enjoy. Our good Lord has spread a bountiful table to-day, and he says, 'Eat, O friends; drink, O beloved, and let your souls delight themselves in the Lord. Praise the Lord, it's good to be here! Now, let us sing the 349th hymn. I don't mean *hum* it, or *dumb* it, but *sing* it in such a way as will clearly show that you are honestly endeavour-

ing to thank God for what He has done for you. Three hundred and forty-nine:

> "'O Heavenly King, look down from above!
> Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love;
> So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
> Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.'

The stanza was sung with that rare spiritual fervour so characteristic of the worshippers who delighted to gather in these little Bethels of the valley.

"Well, that's very good," said Robert Lightup, and "what a privilege it is to sing God's praise! We can only hear ourselves sing, but what a multitude of the heavenly host are joining with us!

> "'They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
> And we in hymns below.'

"If this little chapel were transformed into a cathedral a hundred times larger and grander than St. Peter's at Rome, if all the kings and queens, all the great men and wise men, all the great musicians and singers of the whole world were here to-day, it wouldn't be half so grand a gathering as we are permitted to form a part of, as we join in singing the beautiful words of this hymn. If good old Victoria were here—God bless her! and if I asked you to sing 'God Save the Queen,' wouldn't you all put forth the biggest effort of your life to make the rafters ring with the stirring strains of our national anthem? I know you would. No matter how wheezy and cracked your voices may be, you would be ashamed to keep still. If you couldn't do anything else, you would wave your hats in token of your loyalty to the Queen.

"Very well, follow this principle right up to where we stand to-day, not in the presence of our Sovereign Lady, but in the presence of the King of kings, an innumerable company of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. Surely that's enough to make us shout for joy—yes, shout for joy! This whispering, whimpering religion is a very tame affair. There's nothing catching about it, nobody wants to own it. Like a homeless cat, it seems to think about nothing but how to hide itself in any dark corner. Shout for *joy!* Think what we have to make us happy. God's increasing, unchanging, everlasting love. If God's love won't make us happy, singing happy, ay, *shouting* happy, then the sooner we ask God to drive us from the habitations of men and eat grass with the oxen, like Nebuchadnezzar, the better for all concerned.

"The love of God; that's what we and the angels are to sing about now and forever.

> "'Wherefore of Thy love, we sing and rejoice
> With angels above, we lift up our voice,
> Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
> Forever and ever, when time is no more.'"

It is needless to say that after such stirring words by the way, everybody in the little meeting-house "sang with the spirit and with the understanding also." Hearts were keyed up to such notes of praise as are heard in the sanctuary above.

Then followed the prayer—sympathetic, tender, intensive and fervent. The good man talked with God. Like Moses, he bore on his heart the sins and sorrows of the people that bowed with him in supplication at the throne of grace. With what fervour and humility he pleaded for the pardoning mercy of God. How earnestly he voiced the wants, the discouragements, the difficulties and the struggles of that little company. Referring to the shadows and clouds which are sure to creep over the landscape of life, his voice would drop and tremble with deepest emotion, showing a heart full of pity and compassion, ready to weep with those that weep. His prayers were brief and full of child-like trust. They were prayers which made all feel that God was present to hear and answer.

The reading of the Scripture lesson was always a profitable and enjoyable religious exercise. His bright, pithy, quaint comments as he went along, opened up the Word to the dullest hearer, and made it a feast of fat things to all.

"You will find our lesson," said old Robert Lightup, "in the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' It's not good generalship to fight fire with fire; water will serve a better purpose every time. One angry man will do much harm, but two will do the devil's work to his entire satisfaction. When the destroyer of peace urges you to have the last word, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for I do not well to be angry.' The best proof that we can have that Hannah was a good woman, was when old Eli called her a drunkard and she didn't retort by calling him a liar. Keep a bridle on your tongues, and set a watch at the door of your lips. If a man chooses to get angry, let him alone, he'll soon get ashamed of his pig-in-the-parlour performance.

"'The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth forth foolishness.'"

"The difference between a wise man and a fool is just here,

the wise man is master of the tongue, but the tongue is master of the fool.

"Look at that great fool Rabshakeh we read of in the Second Book of Kings. Read the vile talk that rushed out of his mouth like a torrent of pitch and slime. Rabshakeh, didn't your tongue break its chain when you delivered that foul speech which ought to make you blush through all eternity? Oh, for consecrated tongues!

"'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.'

"Adam and Eve, who saw you in the garden? Hagar, who saw you in the desert? Abraham, who saw you on the mountain? Achan, who saw you in the tent? Ezekiel, who saw you on the plain? Belshazzar, who saw you in the palace? Nathaniel, who saw you under the fig-tree? Peter, who saw you on the house-top? Lydia, who saw you by the river-side? Paul, who saw you in the tempest? Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, godly Lydia and ungodly Belshazzar, all cry out with Hagar, 'Thou God seest me!' 'Can any man hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.'

"'O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.'

"'A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach of the spirit.'

"Let your speech be seasoned with salt, then your words will not only be harmless, but helpful and wholesome. Too often our tongues are like a thorn-bush, piercing, pricking and hurting everything they come in contact with, instead of a tree of life, affording refreshing fruit to pilgrims weary and discouraged by the way. May it be with us as it was with the Blessed Master, when the people 'marvelled at the gracious words which fell from His lips.' The day is coming when the thorn-bush will be nowhere, and the tree of life everywhere. Let us help it on.

"'A fool despiseth his father's instruction, but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.'

"No man likes to be called a fool—anything but that—but what a world of fools this is after all! Remember, a fool's bolt is soon shot, and he pays dear, very dear, for his whistle in the end. 'Fools men may live, but fools they cannot die.'

"If God reproves your folly in this book, for your soul's sake don't count Him your enemy, but regard His plain words as the best counsel of a loving friend.

"'In the house of the righteous is much treasure, but in the revenues of the wicked is much trouble.'

"There are treasures and treasures. Gold is good as far as it goes, but grace is better, for it goes a great deal farther. Lazarus hadn't much of a house as he lay at the rich man's gate, but he had treasure sufficient to outweigh the wealth of the world. Paul speaks about being poor, yet possessing all things. There's something in that for both rich men and poor men to think about.

"'The lips of the wise disperse knowledge, but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.'

"How can it be otherwise. You cannot take from a man what he hasn't got. You may as well expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, as gather knowledge from a hollow-hearted, empty-headed fool. From nothing, nothing comes. If knaves are the dead-beats, fools are the dead-blanks of society.

"'The way of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but He loveth him that followeth righteousness.'

"Not much encouragement to the wicked man in this verse. What an awful thing to be a living abomination in the sight of God!

"'Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way, and he that hateth reproof shall die.'

"None of us like the rod, but what selfish, wayward children we would be without it. Manasseh had more reason to thank God for his fetters than for his crown; for his dungeon than for his palace. David deserved a good thrashing, and Nathan didn't spare him. Far better feel the smart of the rod than live and die in sin.

"'Hell and destruction are before the Lord; how much more the hearts of the children of men.'

"Terrible thought! The eye that pierces through the 'blackness of darkness' can follow me everywhere.

"'A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him, neither will he go unto the wise.'

"A bad boy who has done a bad deed does not usually go to his father and ask for a flogging. A burglar who has robbed a store doesn't run to the magistrate and ask him for five years of hard labour at the penitentiary, no more does the scorner ask for the reproof of the wise man. The scornful Scribes couldn't stand the plain words of Christ.

"'A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.'

"Save us from sour-faced Christians! If the heart is full of joy, the face ought to be full of sunshine. The Gospel gives

beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Praise the Lord! It's our privilege to be always living on the sunny side of the hill.

"'The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge, but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.'

"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge is power. A wise man will learn from any teacher. The Queen of Sheba travelled across a weary desert to learn from Solomon; Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and Cornelius opened his house to receive instruction from Peter. There are many kinds of knowledge, but the best kind is to know our names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.'

"'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.'

"'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.'

"It's not the golden cage that makes the bird sing. A good man's little is better than a bad man's all. Jacob's ladder, which reached to Heaven, often has its foot resting in some poor widow's cottage.

"'The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns.'

"Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those that are. Nothing is so hard to do as to do nothing. God's world is a busy world, and a lazy man earns the contempt of the universe.

"'He that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house.'

"Brother Lot, why did you pitch your tent toward Sodom? Because I was greedy of gain. What followed? Family trouble. Joshua, why are you going to stone that man Achan? Because he was greedy of gain. Samuel, why is Saul to be rejected as King over Israel? Because he was greedy of gain. Elijah, why are you going to curse Ahab? Because he was greedy of gain. Elisha, why are you going to smite Gehazi with the terrible curse of leprosy? Because he was greedy of gain. Ten thousand homes are wrecked to-day from the very same cause. May God save us from the greedy eye.

"'The Lord is far from the wicked, but He heareth the prayer of the righteous.'

"What a blessed promise that is to the Christian. Every good man is a praying man. The prayers of a good man avail much. Joshua, you know all about that. Elijah, you proved that in Carmel. Paul and Silas, from the innermost dungeon your prayer was heard. Brethren, let us batter the gates of Heaven with storms of prayer.

"'The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom, and before honour is humility.'

"The cross always comes before the crown. The 'Valley of Humiliation' must be gone through before we climb the 'Delectable Mountains.' We must lose our life before we can find it. Suffering and sacrifice here is the king's highway to the sceptre of power and the song of triumph.

"'Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross shall wear the crown.'

"Praise the Lord! We're on the winning side!"

After the singing of a stirring hymn to some bright, breezy tune, old Robert Lightup, lifting up his spectacles to the top of his forehead, and looking seriously over his congregation, says:

"Brethren, pray for me while I draw the bow at a venture to-day; pray that I may have grace to speak plainly, and pray that God may give you grace to receive the truth, even though it should sting like a nettle and prick like a thorn.

"You can find the text in John's Gospel, ii. 5. 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.'

"This was spoken by Mary, the mother of Jesus, at a marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee. She understood Jesus better than the disciples did. Though she was His mother according to the flesh, yet He, no doubt, taught her many a lesson unknown to the others, and which she pondered in her heart. She felt sure something special was going to happen through the wonder-working power of Jesus, so, like a wise and prudent woman, she took time by the forelock, and going quietly to some of the servants, she said: Now I want to give you a hint, which you must not forget on any account. You see Jesus sitting yonder? Oh, yes, we know Him quite well. Very well, keep your eyes and ears open to all He says and does. He is of more importance than all the rest of the guests, and whatsoever He saith unto you, do it. They took the hint, and we know what followed. They had the most delightful marriage-feast ever held in Cana; first, because Jesus was there, and second, because they did what He told them to do.

"Brethren and sisters, the key-word of our text is obedience—'do it.' Obedience is the keystone in the arch of Christian character; without that all else would tumble into ruin. The first great law of Christian life is to obey. A disobedient Christian is

a contradiction of terms. You may as well talk about a hot frost, a cold fire, a dry rain, or slow thunderbolt. No obedience—no Christian. 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?' Blessed are they that *do* His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life.

"'*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it!'

"Unless I have misread and misunderstood this old book, God has sometimes told His children to do some very strange things; things, in the doing of which they would be subjected to all sorts of ridicule and jesting. Look at old Noah. What lots of fun the boys had with him while he was building the ark. How the young scoffers, ay, and the old ones, too, gathered round him day after day, and said:

"Well, old man, how's ship-building getting on to-day? When do you expect your contract will be finished? What do you get for the job? How do you expect to get the thing launched? Have you arranged any special programme for the occasion? What are you going to call her? Wouldn't 'Noah's Folly' or the 'Deluge Floater,' be a good name for her? Is your ship for water or dry land? She looks more like a barn than a barque. I see you have no arrangements for a rudder; how are you going to steer her when she does get afloat; if ever that should happen? You've been hammering away at this old tub, and talking about a deluge for more than a hundred years, but the skies are as clear, and the sun shines as bright as ever. If you haven't preached and hammered your wits entirely away, you had better gather up your tools and bid a long good-bye to this old hulk.

"And so the tongues of the unbelieving wagged in wanton jests from year to year.

"If some of you are tried for an hour, or a day at most, then you think a great and sore test of your faith has befallen you; but look at this old antediluvian hero, one hundred and twenty years amid the taunts and jeers of the world, yet faithful amid it all. Through all these years he kept at his task, nailing spar to spar, and plank to plank. 'According to all that God commanded him, so did he.' Well done, Noah! Thy record as the ark builder is all aglow with the one word 'obedience!' Thy example shines as bright to-day as it did 4,000 years ago.

"'To obey is better than sacrifice.'

"'If ye know the will of God, happy are ye if ye do it.'

"Obedience! Abraham, what are you doing here? Building an altar. What are you building the altar for? To offer up a sacrifice. What kind of a sacrifice are you going to offer? A burnt sacrifice. But where is the victim? I see nothing here on

this lonely mountain-top, which you can offer as a victim? Here is the altar, the wood, the fire and the knife; but where's the sacrifice? With infinite tenderness I see the eyes of the father rest upon the beautiful form of his son, his only son Isaac. Then laying the son of his old age upon the altar, and lifting the sacrificial knife, he cries, 'This is the sacrifice I am called to offer.'

"Brethren, what does it mean? Mean! Why, it means that father-love, mother-love, self-love, world-love, and every other kind of love must stand aside when God speaks, so that God's will may be done. 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' Now, I am going to read you something very strange. Listen to it.

"Joshua vi. 2-5: 'And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand, Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour. And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets. And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him.'

"Did ye ever hear the like of that? Joshua must have opened his eyes in full-grown astonishment. Capture that great frowning stronghold by marching and blowing rams' horns. Strange military tactics; but, on second thoughts, Joshua says, 'It's all right; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' If William Cowper had been with him, he would very likely have sung him a few lines of

> "'God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform.'

"I like the way Joshua went to work in carrying out this remarkable command. He didn't begin to apologize to the people for this strange proceeding. He didn't say to his subordinate officers,

"'Well, gentlemen, as I do not wish to compromise my reputation and judgment as a soldier, I assume no responsibility for the orders I am about to give. You will see at once that they set at defiance every principle of warfare contained in a well-planned assault upon a stronghold like Jericho. What the outcome will be I'm not at all sure, but I suppose as the Lord has given us these instructions, it might be as well to try and carry them out.'

"Oh, no; that wasn't the way he talked. He simply told them what God had said. Though he couldn't understand the *why* of this divine arrangement, yet he knew it was all right. His motto was, 'Obey orders and ask no questions.'

"'Go thou and do likewise.' When you are going about God's work, don't do it in a hang-dog, shamefaced, apologetic style. Blow your horn, as the priests did, not to blare out your *own* importance, but to proclaim the importance of the *work* which God has been pleased to give you to do. Your programme and God's programme may be two very different things. If so, kindle the fire with your own, and carry out God's to the letter. Carry it out loyally, jubilantly.

"Don't go about your work as though every look and gesture were intended for an apology for what you are doing. A Christian is never so much a Christian as when he loses his way and will in the way and will of God.

"'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it!'

"'Send the multitudes away,' said the disciples to Jesus. 'Why send them away?' said Jesus. 'Because we are in a desert place,' chimed in the disciples, 'and if they don't get away home soon they will have to sleep in a supperless bed.' 'No need to do that,' said Jesus. 'Give ye them to eat.' Peter looked at John; John looked at Philip; Philip looked at Thomas, and Thomas looked at all the rest in blank amazement. 'Give ye them to eat!' Did the Master really mean what He said? Andrew, who seems to have found the use of his tongue the first, said:

"'Well, Master, all the bread around these quarters don't amount to anything, so far as feeding this crowd is concerned. There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many? Why, Master, the lad's lunch will no more feed this hungry multitude than a drop will fill the ocean!'

"'Never mind,' said Jesus; 'It's something to begin with, anyway. Make the men sit down.'

"That was easy enough; the men were not only hungry, but weary. They were glad to sit down and rest, even though the prospects of a good square meal seemed to be utterly out of the question. Jesus took the loaves and asked a blessing on them, then brake to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. You know what followed, when they gathered up the fragments of that memorable feast, would not the twelve basketsful say to the twelve disciples—'Now, ye twelve men, see what your Master can do. Your mission is to break the Bread of Life, not merely to 5,000 men, but to a world full of hungry souls. Don't hesitate a

moment about the question of supply. Give ye them to eat, for there is

"'Enough for each, enough for all,
Enough for evermore!'"

"Praise the Lord for that," shouts a good old Christian brother, who daily sits at God's banqueting-table. "Why don't you all say, Praise the Lord?" cried old Robert.

"Too many of you live in 'Dumb Alley.' If I were you I would move up into 'Hallelujah Square.' There's some grand apartments up there, and the best of it is, you can have them 'without money and without price.' 'Bless the Lord, that's true,' shouts Sister Joyful, 'I've been living there for twenty years.' God bless you, Sister Joyful, don't change your abode till the messenger calls you to the palace of the King.

"Now, my friends, you have had the exposition of the text, what about the application? It's all well enough to talk about Noah, Abraham, Joshua and the Disciples, but I have come to talk to *you*. Have *you* done all the Master has told you to do? What does Jesus say to you and me?

"'Search the Scriptures!' Have you done that? Have you read your Bible carefully through? Lots of people who call themselves Christians haven't done that. We'll always be living in 'Gloomy Lane,' next-door neighbour to Mr. 'Feeblewill' and Mr. 'Ready to Halt,' until our life and being and character is thoroughly seasoned with the salt of God's good Word. Read your Bibles, my friends, and better still, *live* your Bibles. Be living epistles, read and known of all men. Jesus said, 'Men ought always to pray and not to faint.' Some of you have done very little praying yet. Our daily bread calls for daily prayer. A prayerless soul is a fruitless soul. Why should we be dumb? God is not deaf. 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.' My prayerless brother, take your stand by the side of the Publican to-day and cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' If you do so, Praise the Lord, you will go down to your home justified—saved. Saved by the mercy and grace of God. May the angels in glory have to say to-day, 'Behold he prayeth!'

"'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' 'My son, give Me thine heart.' Have you done it? 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' Have you let Him in? 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Have you come? Have you found rest in Christ? Are you at peace with God? Can you sing

"'No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus is mine, and I am His.'

"Praise the Lord! I've been singing it for half a century, and I intend to sing it through all eternity. God help you all to tune your hearts to the same song."

In this plain and pointed manner did old Robert Lightup seek to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

Like Peter on the Day of Pentecost, "With many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, 'Save yourselves from this untoward generation.'" The direct outcome of such plain and positive teaching was generally the conversion of sinners.

What multitudes of men and women are in Heaven to-day as the garnered fruit of lay preaching. Thousands and tens of thousands of the common people have been rescued from vice and sin, and have become not only respected and useful members of society, but an honour to the Church of Christ. Lots of the sensationalism and clap-trap we hear in the pulpit to-day is a sorry substitute for the simple, practical, soul-stirring sermons of such godly men as Robert Lightup, and hundreds of other lay preachers who have given full proof of their ministry.

Wit and smartness may gather the crowd to-day, but piety and fidelity will win the victory to-morrow.

The old gospel preached with Apostolic simplicity and fervour is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Robert Lightup and the men of his class have done a work for which they never got credit on earth, but their record is on high, and when the day of reckoning comes, it will be no surprise to me if Robert Lightup should receive more honourable mention than many a professional ecclesiastic who deemed him a misguided enthusiast on earth.

Throughout the beautiful valleys which compose the Stonall Circuit his name is as ointment poured forth. His quaint but faithful preaching of the gospel has been owned of God in the salvation of hundreds of men and women who will be stars in the crown of his rejoicing, to shine for ever and ever.

Years ago, he passed within the veil, but the earth is better and the heavens are richer because of Robert Lightup's consecrated life.

With all sails set, swift gliding down time's river
Towards the broad ocean of eternity;
Take Thou the helm, Thou mighty to deliver,
And steer my frail barque safely through the rapids,
And on to that calm sea.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.—RUNNING ON A REEF.

"When through the torn sail the tempest is streaming,
When on the wave the red lightning is gleaming;
Do Thou in Thy mercy the mariner cherish
Who crieth in agony, 'Save, or we perish.'"

You can imagine nothing more charming than the beginning of this voyage toward Grey Town. Here is a good ship, an orderly crew, fair weather, favourable winds, lovely, shining seas, plenty of provisions for the voyage, fair returns in prospect. As for Bess Adams, she is taking a holiday with her doting father and life-long lover. Thus they sail, like the good children in fairy story, on toward the lovely tropic lands, and we look to see them glide through some gate of beauty, and be lost to view where palm trees wave their arms; where pure, blue waters laugh over beds of corals and shells; where flowers of all splendid dyes vie with birds who have dipped their wings in rainbows, and where some large, golden dawning, that is never to have a night, breaks grandly from shore to shore, and makes beauty more beautiful with its own glory. Such is our dream for the *Seabird* and her voyagers, as with broad wings spread she flies, eastward first, and then due south. Yet even from the beginning of the voyage, those on board recognized an element of discord, and that was the new first officer. The first officer had a habit of swearing, and was angry at being obliged to restrain himself on board Captain Adams' ship. A sneering unbeliever, he loathed the morning and evening prayers and Sabbath services. Probably he would never have shipped on the *Seabird* had he not had an expectation of marring the enjoyment of these frankly happy people. Loving no one, and dissatisfied with himself, the first officer was greatly galled by the abounding love between Bess and her father, and was especially aggravated by the beaming happiness of Rolf and Bess, who felt as if, after many years of humdrum toil, they had now entered into an elysium.

What increased all the first officer's ill-humour, and rendered him incapable of nobler sentiments, was his constant use of strong drink. Of a hardy constitution, and accustomed to taking liquor from his boyhood, he never *seemed to be* drunk nor incapacitated for duty, while three-fourths of his time he was mentally and physically disturbed by strong drink; in fact, in a state of cross intoxication. While unpopular with everyone, he was said to be a skilful officer.

When the *Seabird* lay in Portsmouth, the first officer spent much of his time at the ship-chandler's, where, in a den behind the shop, officers like-minded with himself, got an abundance of

rum and gin. Then, as now, a ship-chandler's was nearly as dangerous to officers as the pit called a "sailors' boarding-house" is to the hands before the mast.

The custom of Captain Adams was to take a small glass of grog after each meal. This portion by no means satisfied the first officer, who laid in for himself a large supply of liquor, which he drank in his cabin, and had served to him hot by the cook during his watch on deck. Blinded by the custom of his day, Captain Adams could not see the least need or advantage of total abstinence on his part, while he cheerfully acknowledged that it was very good for those who preferred to practise it. The ways of his first officer, however, troubled his soul. He believed the man would speedily become a wreck, though he had not the least idea that he could possibly wreck the *Seabird.*

Rolf and the first officer held carefully aloof each from the other.

"I pity the future of the *Seabird* in the hands of that man," said Rolf to Bess. "A cruel, tyrannical wretch, this will be one of the vessels where the men are treated like brutes; knocked down with belaying-pins and marline-spikes, the word following the blow, and where despotism and hatred glare at each other from the quarter-deck and forecastle."

"It makes me heart-sick to think of such things," said Bess. "These men are all such good fellows, and for years they have been with father and accustomed to the orderly, religious ways of his ship."

"As for that matter, these men will not be the sufferers," said Rolf, "for Tom Epp and nearly all of this crew will be shipped on the *White Eagle;* but there will be some to be made wretched and ruined through this man's viciousness, and the less religious knowledge that future crew shall have, the sooner and more completely will they become his victims. As for myself, I confess to most unchristian emotions towards him. I feel an absolute detestation of him, and ready for an explosion of wrath against him on the first occasion."

"You must conquer such feelings, or they will cause bitter repentance," said Bess. "But yet you do yourself injustice; for he has given you many occasions for a quarrel, and you have restrained yourself."

"I'm bound by my Christian profession to show him that much of good example," replied Rolf.

The first officer fully returned all Rolf's dislike. For himself, he was a coarse, ill-made man, unpleasant in his manners, and abhorred by all with whom he had dealings. Rolf, on the contrary, had been, like his father, cast in an herculean mould. His shining, golden hair was such as the Norse poets sing of, flowing over the shoulders of their gods. Elate in spirits, quick in wit, and heartily generous, he was the idol of the crew, welcome wherever he went.

The repressed hate of the first officer was so evidently deep and cruel that it caused Bess anxiety. She, who had never before

known fear, now made by love a coward, absolutely feared that on some lonely watch the first officer would catch Rolf off his guard, and fling him overboard. Rolf laughed at her fears and her warnings not to provoke the ungoverned man.

"He'd have hard work to handle me. Let him try it, Bess."

"You have no right to be a cause of sin to your neighbour," said Bess, and that argument was conclusive.

Thus time went on, fair weather, fine sailing, and all things going well, with only this one cause of vexation, until the *Seabird* ran through the westward passage between Cuba and Hayti, and set her course towards the southwest. Here the weather changed. The wind blew from the southwest, and betimes was varied by short, fierce squalls. Heavy rain fell, the torrents approaching at times to a water-spout. There was heard during several days, while the ship struggled heavily on her way, battling with adverse winds and raging waves, thunder rolling sullenly by turns in every quarter of the sky. In this stress of weather a man was lost overboard, and no help could be afforded him. Never but once before had Captain Adams lost a man, and the accident filled him with affliction. Tom Epp offered him the only consolation he was capable of receiving: "Don't grieve, cap'n. Jack and me's had many a talk lately, and he'd found the Lord. He has got into heaven as the first-fruits of your reading and praying with your crew, cap'n, as a Christian cap'n should."

For some days this foul weather continued, and all hands were well-nigh worn out. For two days there had been no streak of sunlight to give opportunity for taking an observation. At last, toward evening, the wind veered, the sea grew calmer, and Captain Adams went down to his berth to try and obtain an hour's rest before passing another night on deck. The first officer, who had been drinking even more than usual, being urged thereto by considerations of fatigue, wakefulness, wet garments, and the general discomforts of a storm, was in charge of the ship. Rolf was also pacing the quarter-deck, and striving to renew civilities with his brother officer. Not far from these two, and just below them, stood two men beside the wheel. The heavens now gathered blackness very suddenly. It became impossible to see for any distance along the water, and the *Seabird* rushed over the waves with terrific speed, the first officer having crowded sail to make use of the first northeast wind that had blown for a whole week.

"There's a squall, and a sharp one, coming up from the northeast," said Rolf.

"So much the better," growled the first officer; "perhaps it will drive us into Nicaragua. I'm sick of head-winds."

A few moments passed in silence. To a friendly officer Rolf could clearly have expressed his opinions; but this man was ready to construe every hint of advice into hostility and insubordination. But Rolf had a deal at stake in the *Seabird*—not only his own life and his father's property, but the friends of old Captain Adams and Tom Epp, and Bess, dearer than all the world besides. Again he spoke:

"I fancy we'll have to shorten sail, sir. The ship goes fast, and we are not sure where we are; besides that squall looks able to cut our masts square off with that much canvas on 'em."

"I'm sailing this ship," cried the first officer fiercely; and Rolf was just considering how he should quietly get Captain Adams back on deck when his comrade ordered sail to be shortened, and the anxious crew sprang with readiness to obey. Bess, quite weary with anxious nights and days, was asleep with her head on the table of the little cabin. Had she known what was passing, she would have called her father; but Bess slept on, and now a dark, isolated cloud, emitting vivid lightnings with thunder, was observed, a mass of deeper blackness than the black canopy of the sky, moving under the violence of the squall towards the ship. At this dread moment, when all eyes were directed to the clouds, the man aloft gave that most terrible of cries at sea, "Breakers ahead!" and at that very instant a wild roaring and crashing of waters lashed by the storm, and a fearful sheet of foam almost under the lee bow, told that they had rushed unawares upon the heavy breakers north of the Arenas Light. Sober, the first officer might have been equal to the emergency; but he had been eating little and drinking much for the last three days, and the danger, that should have steeled his nerves and steadied his brain for its best work, unbalanced the drunkard's reason.

"Starboard! starboard!" he yelled to the men at the wheel. It was theirs to obey.

Rolf saw the terrible peril, the fatal error. He leaped at the first officer, snatched the trumpet from him, shouting, "Port! port! I say"; but as he put the trumpet to his lips to send the order ringing over the dire confusion, the first officer flew at him like a tiger, and, with a stunning blow on the side of his head, sent him senseless upon the main-deck. Just at this moment a prodigious wave lifted the doomed *Seabird* high in air, and flung her on the reef with a mighty blow that rent her solid timbers and heavy planks, and sent a shudder through her from stem to stern, like the throe of some mighty creature in a dying agony. The tumult of the breakers and the cry of the man aloft had startled Bess from her slumbers. She had cried out to her father, and the two sprang on deck just as the *Seabird* struck. The awful cloud had, like some angry monster, almost passed the ship; but now, as if attracted by its peril to complete its destruction poured its terrific lightnings into the foremast, and, leaping along a chain, cut the maintop off as by a knife. Springing into a wet rope, the subtle destroyer darted through it into a pump, which it rent in two, and passed by the pump-irons out of the fated ship.

But all this was done quicker than the flash of thought. As Bess and her father rushed up the stairway, the foremast-top fell into the sea, the watchman in the rigging dropped dead into the water, and the severed maintopmast crashed down between Bess and her father, while all the rigging left aloft burst into a sheet of flame! As that great mass of timber fell between them, Bess heard her father give a cry of mortal agony, and the great wave

following that which had carried the *Seabird* to her doom swept over the ship from end to end as she lay, and carried away with it the first officer and one of the men at the wheel.

Three things occurred now simultaneously: first, the cutting off of the masts and their fall caused the ship to recoil violently under the shock; second, the wave lifted her just as she recoiled; and, third, exactly as the wave thus lifted her, Rolf, struggling to his knees, got back his senses just where he had lost them, gasping out the word that had been arrested on his lips—"Port!" He could do no more than gasp, but Bess, flying out of the cabin, had sprung almost upon him lying on the deck—and Bess never needed time to collect *her* thoughts; instantly the trumpet was at her lips, and her voice rose above the tumult, giving the order to the steersman, "Port! port! I say."

The steersman did not stand alone. Somehow Tom Epp had leaped beside him like a cat, and Tom seemed to have the strength of a dozen giants in him when he heard Bess ringing her orders at him, as they lay there trembling in the very jaws of death.

Rolf got to his feet, but he staggered, and held fast by Bess. Bess felt sure that her father lay dead under the fallen topmast, while the ship was shattered and on fire above. Yet, if there was any life to be saved, any hope for that vessel, it lay in Bess Adams' seamanship and the way she exerted it for the next five minutes; for another blow or two on the reef such as the one she had just received would speedily turn the *Seabird* into small kindling-wood. With death all around her, white destruction foaming in the breakers underneath, and black destruction lowering in that pall of cloud stretching above them, Bess stood bare-headed on the deck, with her trumpet at her lips, and her keen thoughts weighing every point of advantage or disadvantage, and brought her broken *Seabird* off the reef without another blow. With that appalling flash of lightning and burst of thunder the wind had instantaneously dropped away; it now sprang up in an exactly different direction, the southwest, and pressed them from the reef. The flames speedily died out of the rigging, shrouds and wood being so thoroughly soaked as to prove poor fuel. The lurid glare ceased to light the frightful confusion of the deck and the black, wide-reaching wings of the cloud.

Rolf regained his breath and his senses, and Bess ordered another sailor to the wheel, and bade Tom pipe all hands forward to man the pumps and clear the wreck. The crew of the *Seabird* had numbered sixteen, and there had been three officers. One man had been lost during the storm; the first officer and one steersman had gone overboard together; one man had fallen with the lightning-struck rigging; and one more lay dead beside the split pump, with a hole as of a bullet through his breast. Nine sailors answered to Tom's call; two stood at the wheel. Rolf ordered five to man the pump that was left them, and headed the other four to clear away the wreck, under which lay the captain. Rolf believed him to be dead; but as he came near him, Phil Adams opened his eyes, saying quietly, "Have a care, my lad."

Knowing himself disabled, Captain Adams with iron resolution had repressed every sound, that his daughter might give undivided attention to the ship.

"Work with a will, boys!" roared Rolf. "The captain's alive"!

Bess gave one quick look over her shoulder, and then concentrated all her cares upon the duty in hand. The wreck was quickly cleared, then Rolf prepared to lift the captain.

"Not below," said the captain, and Rolf, dashing into the cabin, returned with the mattress and furnishings of the nearest berth and a razor.

The mattress was laid on the quarter-deck, Phil Adams put thereon, and Rolf without delay removed his boots by cutting them in pieces with the razor, the mast having fallen upon his legs just below the knee.

All this while Bess had pursued *her* business as if in oblivion of her father. But at the exact instant when *she*, better than Rolf, could care for him, she put the trumpet in Rolf's hands, and fell on her knees beside the mattress. One second her brown head, all wet with spray, bowed over her father's gray locks; one touch her hand gave lovingly to his; then, as if that dangerous deck had been the quiet room at home, and all the appliances of a hospital had lain ready at her hand, she set herself to caring for those crushed limbs. The cook stood by to help her, but all that he could bring was part of a flask of olive-oil and a bottle of wine, for his galley had been swept away by the first great wave. Bess tore a sheet into broad bandages, and dressed her father's injuries as carefully as possible.

"Water's gaining on us fast!" cried Tom Epp, who was superintending the pumping.

"Man the boats!" cried Rolf.

The yawl was gone.

The long-boat was got into the water. The cook ran into the cabin, where the water was already rising, and secured some provisions from the pantry. A cask of water and a bag of bread were thrown in.

"We'll lower the captain on his bed there, Bess, and you must go with him, and Tom Epp to take charge," said Rolf, signing three men to lift and lower the mattress.

"O Rolf! come with us," cried Bess, giving way to her woe.

"I'll follow in the jolly-boat close to you," said Rolf, hastily telling off the men to go in the long-boat. Three of them were now standing in her. They were just about to lift the captain when once more from that fatal cloud a heavy stroke of lightning fell on the *Seabird's* mainmast, and the awful pealing of the thunder mingled with the rattling of mast-hoops, the irons of the rigging, and the splintering of the wood that fell like hail upon the deck, while the mast, snapped like a pipe-stem, was hurled down upon the deck, which split like thin ice under its fall, and the torn side of the ship, the long-boat with its three men, and the upper portion of the mast, went down together in the black water, that opened greedily for its prey.

Two more sailors lay lifeless on the poop, killed either by the electric current or the falling iron, and Rolf, Tom, Bess, and the captain with seven men clung close together on the miserable wreck that had once been the gallant *Seabird*.

In such emergencies as these there are some who can think quickly. The cracking of timbers had not ceased before Rolf shouted to the men to prepare the jolly-boat, and himself plunged into the fast-filling cabin to secure provisions for her. A bag of biscuits and two or three bottles of wine were thrown into the boat. The cook came hurrying up with a ham, and leaped into the boat beside Tom Epp, who was standing in her, preparing to receive the captain. With the impetus of this spring the rope that held the boat, and which had probably been burned by the lightning, parted. In the gathering night and the fearful blackness of the down-sweeping squall, the jolly-boat was whirled away from the helpless hulk of the *Seabird*, and the loud, despairing cry of Tom Epp came back to the ears of those whom he, perishing, had left to perish alone.

In the wild glare of the lightnings could now be seen on the sinking and utterly dismantled ship Captain Adams, prostrate on his mattress, Bess and Rolf clinging to each other and to him, and five sailors, two of them helpless from injuries.

"We're going down!" shouted one of the sailors wildly. No one answered him. He screamed the despairing words again, and driven mad by his fears, rushed to meet the very fate he dreaded, and leaped into the sea. But the others on that wreck were made of sterner stuff. God inspires His children in their hour of need.

"I don't believe the *Seabird can* sink," said Bess to Rolf. "Her cargo's all light, and will help float her."

"No," said Rolf, "she can't go to the bottom, though she may go to the edge of the water. Come, boys," he cried, speaking his hopes rather than his doubts, "we'll float. Let us take care of those who cannot take care of themselves." And even in the depth of their misery these brave hearts answered him by a cheery "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Don't fear for the hulk, she'll float," cried Rolf. "We must lash fast to her, and look to be picked up."

The stump of the mainmast offered their only refuge, and Rolf, Bess, and one of the sailors set themselves to lash Captain Adams and themselves to this, while Jerry, the other sailor, attended to his disabled mates.

The last thunder and lightning, while it had completed the destruction of the ship, had also exhausted the fury of the storm, and what wind there was drove them from the breakers still, though the filling ship moved very heavily, and there was neither canvas nor rudder to aid her course.

Your true sailor is apt in all emergencies. Rolf and his assistant, Luke, knew how to make the best of everything without loss of time. The waves were now sweeping across the *Seabird*, and she rolled dangerously; but these disadvantages only urged the men to quicker labours.

The pumps of the *Seabird* had been put in close to the mainmast on either side; between the pump left unharmed by the lightning and the mast Rolf and Luke contrived, by aid of the door of the aft staircase of the cabin, a sort of rest, whereon they placed the disabled captain as easily as was possible, and lashed him fast, Bess exerting all her skill to contrive a place of support for his head, and by means of a blanket, which had come up with the mattress, and a rope, to fasten his feet so that they would be out of danger of further injury from the motion of the ship. Jerry, having secured his brother sailors, who seemed almost unconscious, made a heroic effort to get food from below. He succeeded in obtaining a part of a box of raisins, the lower layers of which were ruined by the sea-water; but the upper ones were dry, and of these he made a hasty division.

The last gray twilight showed the sea much calmer, and the ship sunk quite to the water's edge, yet rolling less than she had been doing. Luke, Jerry, and the two injured sailors were lashed together near the broken cabin skylight on the quarter-deck. Captain Adams, Bess, and Rolf were secured to the stump of the mainmast, and thus the night closed around them, they not expecting to see another morning.

They felt the ship settling and the water rising around them in the night. At last Bess found that the water ceased to rise. At dawn the sea was quiet, except for the long, slow swells of the late storm, and the sun shone forth for the first time for many days. The quarter-deck was well out of the water, but the main-deck was covered; and while Captain Adams was secured above water, Bess and Rolf stood deep in it. Captain Adams seemed quiet, but the contractions of his face at times showed that he was conscious of severe pain. To Bess's terrible dismay, Rolf was evidently in a high state of fever, and his breathing was strangely oppressed.

"One of those mast-hoops struck my chest yesterday, and it has injured me badly," he said to Bess.

Bess had kept their portion of raisins and the remainder of the olive-oil brought her by the cook out of the water, and she gave some of both to her companions. The poor sailors had been sleeping; but the increasing daylight now awoke them, and presently Jerry called from the quarter-deck, "Matt's dead, captain." There was a solemn silence, then Captain Adams whispered to his daughter, and she called, "Cut the body loose, and let it go overboard, Jerry!" Jerry obeyed; but as the corpse of his mate slipped almost out of his reach, he leaned after it, and dragging it back began hastily searching it. Alas! he was looking for food, and was rewarded by discovering a dried herring. Men give their thousands with less generosity than Jerry showed when he divided that herring with Luke, while the body of his late comrade rolled heavily into the sea.

"There's no sail in sight, and we can't hold out this way long!" cried Luke presently. Then after a whisper from his third companion, he added, "And Ned says he's dying, and, Mistress Adams,

if you get home to Lucky Cove, you're to take his message to his wife and children."

"Give me the message, Luke," cried Bess; "but I trust God will send safety to us all, even at this hour."

It was a short message the sailor took from his comrade's feeble lips: "Tell 'em he found the Lord as nigh on sea as on shore; and they're to look to meet him in heaven; and—God is the God of the widow and the orphan."

"Bess," said Captain Adams, "Rolf and I are past speaking so as to be heard; it remains for you to comfort our hearts."

There was no sound but the sullen lapping of the waves about the water-logged ship.

"Boys," cried Bess, "my father says it is the hour for morning prayer." And with a clear voice she began the Forty-second Psalm: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" How fervently rang these words! "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

This was no hour for ceremony. The full hearts of all her listeners followed the words, and Jerry burst forth with the answer, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

All day not a sign of help; the dismantled hulk, with her suffering burden, drifting drearily upon the sea. A few raisins and the carefully-doled-out oil were all that Bess had for the sick men on either side of her. The three sailors were out of reach, and they had only raisins. Night once more settled over the sea.

"How is Ned?" cried Bess to the sailors.

"He's going fast," answered Jerry; "and that's well for him. I bear in mind those words, 'Better are the dead that are already dead than the living that are yet alive.'"

And now Ned himself spoke out clearly in the silence of the night:

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed. Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of Thy wings."

Thus, even on these dangerous waters, Captain Adams gathered of that bread of life which he had scattered with lavish hand in all seas where he had sailed.

The captain and the men slept during the night, but Rolf was wakeful from illness, and Bess felt as if sleep was for ever banished, with these two whom she loved most in all the world apparently dying on either side of her. And now one while she whispered the plaintive wailings of the Psalms into her lover's ear, these two, like David, crying unto God out of the depths; or again she

recalled for him the merry hours of their childhood, the days in the school-house at the Corners, the boating trips with lost Tom, their adventures along the shore, and their night on Gull Peak.

"How safe we should feel there now, Rolf, with a drift-wood fire, and fish to roast, and the lights of Lucky Cove almost to be seen in the distance! Ah! my poor Lucy and little lads and pretty baby at home, who will win your bread, now we are gone?"

"Don't fear for them, Bess," said Rolf; "if we three go down together at sea, be sure my father will look to them ashore."

Morning struggled slowly into the east once more. There was no need to ask of Ned's welfare; during the night he had passed into that land where there is no more sea. The last of the food was divided, and then Bess, without waiting for her father's request, began the psalm, "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and are troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

As it came near noon, Jerry scrambled from his place, and, climbing the stump of the mainmast, which stood about twelve feet high, fastened his red shirt to the top for a signal. Three hours later a ship, evidently making for Grey Town, came in sight; she presently observed the wreck, hove to and lowered a boat. Jerry and Luke beheld the joyful vision, and called to Bess. Rolf and the captain were unconscious. In a quarter of an hour more the long-boat of the ship was beside them.

The strangers found "the hull of the *Seabird* lying almost entirely under water; the captain and second officer lashed to the mainmast in a senseless condition; the captain's daughter between these two, endeavouring to support the head of each; a dead sailor on the quarter-deck, and two other sailors much exhausted. They had been floating in this way for forty-five hours." This was the report made on the ship's log.

Ready hands removed first the captain and then Rolf to the long-boat; Bess followed them. The body of Ned was lashed up in the blanket that had been about the captain, and was thus hastily committed to the sea, and then the long-boat returned to the ship, food and water being served out to the rescued ones on the way. The best that the ship had was at their disposal, and in thirty-six hours after, she landed at Grey Town, and placed the five survivors of the *Seabird* in hospital.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright days,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself in his own dungeon.

—*Milton.*

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VI.—THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

THERE are days which rise sadly, go on without sunshine, and pass into night without one gleam of colour. Life, also, has these pallid, monotonous hours. A distrust of all things invades the soul, and physical inertia and mental languor make daily existence a simple weight. It was Christmas-time, but the squire felt none of the elation of the season. He was conscious that the old festival preparations were going on, but there was no response to them in his heart. Julius had arrived, and was helping Sophia to hang the holly and mistletoe. But Sandal knew that his soul shrank from the nephew he had called into his life; knew that the sound of his voice irritated him, that his laugh filled him with resentment, that his very presence in the house seemed to desecrate it, and to slay for him the very idea of home.

Inside the house there was a pleasant air and stir of preparation; the rapid movements of servants, the shutting and opening of doors, the low laughter of gay hearts well contented with the time and the circumstances. Outside, the mesmerizing snow was falling with a soft, silent persistence. The squire looked sadly at the white hills, and the white park, and the branches bending under their load, and the sombre sky, gray upon darker gray.

Last Christmas the girls had relied entirely upon his help. He had found the twine, and driven the nails, and steadied the ladder when Sophia's light form mounted it in order to hang the mistletoe. They had been so happy. The echo of their voices, their snatches of Christmas carols, their laughter and merry badinage, was still in his heart. But to-day he had not been asked to assist in the decorations. True, he had said, in effect, that he did not wish to assist; but, all the same, he felt shut out from his old pre-eminence; and he could not help regarding Julius Sandal as a usurper.

These were drearisome Christmas thoughts and feelings; and they found their climax in a pathetic complaint, "I never thought Charlotte would have given me the go-by. All along she has taken my side, no matter what came up. Oh, my little lass!"

As if in answer to the heart-cry, Charlotte opened the door. She was dressed in furs and tweeds, and she had the squire's big coat and woollen wraps in her hand. Before he could speak, she had reached his chair, and put his arm across his shoulder, and said, in her bright, confidential way, "Come, father, let you and me have a bit of pleasure by ourselves: there isn't much comfort in the house to-day."

"You say right, Charlotte; you do so, my dear. Where shall we go? Eh? Where?"

"Wherever you like best. There is no snow to hamper us yet.

Some of the servants are down from Up-Hill. Ducie has sent mother a great spice-loaf and a fine Christmas cheese."

"Ducie is a kind woman. I have known Ducie ever since I knew myself. Could we climb the fell-breast, Charlotte? Eh? What?"

"I think we could. Ducie will miss it, if you don't go and wish her 'a merry Christmas.' You never missed grandfather Latrigg. Old friends are best, father."

"They are that. Is Steve at home?"

"He isn't coming home this Christmas. I wasn't planning about Steve, father. Don't think such a thing as that of me."

"I don't, Charlotte. I don't think of Charlotte Sandal and of anything underhand at the same time. I'm a bit troubled and out of sorts this morning, my dear."

She kissed him affectionately for answer. She not only divined what a trial Julius had become, but she knew also that his heart was troubled in far greater depths than Julius had any power to stir. Harry Sandal was really at the root of every bitter moment. For Harry had not taken the five hundred pounds with the creditable contrite humiliation of the repenting prodigal. It was even yet doubtful whether he would respond to his parents' urgent request to spend Christmas at Seat-Sandal. And when there is one rankling wrong, which we do not like to speak of, it is so natural to relieve the heart by talking a great deal about those wrongs which we are less inclined to disguise and deny.

In the great hall a sudden thought struck the squire; and he stood still, and looked in Charlotte's face. "You are sure that you want to go, my dear? Won't you be missed? Eh? What?"

She clasped his hand tighter, and shook her head very positively. "They don't want me, father. I am in the way."

He did not answer until they had walked some distance; then he asked meaningly, "Has it come to that? Eh? What?"

"Yes, it has come to that."

"I am very glad it isn't you. And I'm nettled at myself for ever showing him a road to slight you, Charlotte."

"If there is any slight between Julius and me, father, I gave it; for he asked me to marry him, and I plainly told him no."

"Hear—you—but. I *am* glad. You refused him? Come, come, that's a bit of pleasure I would have given a matter of five pounds to have known a day or two since. It would have saved me a few good ratings. Eh? What?"

"Why, father! Who has been rating you?"

"Myself to be sure. You can't think what set-downs I have given William Sandal. Do you mind telling me about that refusal, Charlotte? Eh? What?"

"Not a bit. It was in the harvest-field. He said he loved me, and I told him gentlemen did not talk that way to girls who had never given them the least encouragement; and I said I did not love him, and never, never could love him. I was very firm, father, perhaps a little bit cross; for I did not like the way he spoke. I don't think he admires me at all now."

"I dare be bound he doesn't. 'Firm and a little bit cross.' It wouldn't be a nice five minutes for Julius. He sets a deal of store by himself;" and then, as if he thought it was his duty not to show too much gratification, he added, "I hope you were very civil, Charlotte. A good asker should have a good nay-say. And you refused him? Well, I am pleased. Mother never heard tell of it? Eh? What?"

"Oh, no; I have told no one but you. At the long end you always get at my secrets, father."

"We've had a goodish few together, fishing secrets and such like; but I must tell mother this one, eh? She *will* go on about it. In the harvest-field, was it? I understand now why he walked himself off a day or two before the set day. And he is all for Sophia, now, is he? Well, I shouldn't wonder if Sophia will 'best' him a little on every side. You *have* given me a turn, Charlotte. I didn't think of a son-in-law yet—not just yet. Dear me! How life does go on! Ever since the sheep-shearing it has been running away with me. Life is a road on which there is no turning round, Charlotte. Oh, if there only were! If you could just run back to where you made the wrong turning! If you could only undo things that you have done! Eh? What?"

"Not even God can make what has been, not to have been. When a thing is done, if it is only the taking of a walk, the walk is taken to all eternity."

At the word "eternity," they stood on the brow of the hill which they had been climbing, and the squire said it again very solemnly. "Eternity! How dreadful to spend it in repentance which can undo nothing! That is the most awful conception of the word 'eternity.' Eh? What?"

They were silent a moment, then Sandal looked westward. "It is mizzling already, Charlotte; the snow will turn into rain, and we shall have a downpour. Had we not better go home?"

But Charlotte painted in such glowing colours Ducie's fireside, and the pipe, and the cosy, quiet dinner they would be sure to get there, that the squire could not resist the temptation.

"And very likely, as it is Christmas Eve," said Charlotte, "you may be asked to give Sophia away. So a nice dinner, and a quiet smoke, and an hour's nap, will help you through to-night." And the thought in each heart, beyond this one, was "Perhaps Harry will be at home"

Nobody missed the fugitives. Mrs. Sandal was sure Harry would come, and she was busy preparing his room with her own hands. The brightest fire, the gayest greens, the whitest and softest and best of everything, she chose for Harry's room.

Certainly they were not missed by Julius and Sophia. They were far too much interested in themselves and in their own affairs. When the Christmas bells were ringing, when the house was bright with light and evergreens, and the very atmosphere full of happiness, Julius declared his love.

Sophia could answer only by her conscious silence, and with little romance their betrothal vows were exchanged.

They quite forgot the exigencies and claims of the present existence until the rattle of wheels, the stamping of feet and a joyful cry from Mrs. Sandal recalled them to it.

"It is Harry," said Sophia. "I must go to him, Julius."

Even when she had escaped, she was not very sorry to find that Harry had gone at once to his own room; for he had driven through the approaching storm and been thoroughly drenched. She was longing for a little solitude to bethink her of the new position in which she found herself.

Suddenly she remembered Charlotte, and with the remembrance came the fact that she had not seen her since the early forenoon. But she immediately coupled the circumstance with the absence of the squire, and then she reached the real solution of the position in a moment. "They have gone to Up-Hill, of course. Father always goes the day before Christmas, and Charlotte, no doubt, expected to find Steve at home. I must tell Julius about Charlotte and Steve. Julius will not approve of a young man like Steve in our family, and it ought not to be. I am sure father and mother think so."

At this point in her reflection she heard Charlotte enter her own room, but she did not go to her. Sophia had a dislike to wet, untidy people, and she was not in any particular flurry to tell her success. Indeed, she was rather inclined to revel for an hour in the sense of it belonging absolutely to Julius and herself.

She determined to dress with extraordinary care. The occasion warranted it, surely; for it was not only Christmas Eve, it was also her betrothal eve. She put on her richest garment. She was delighted with the effect of her own brave apparel, and also a little excited with the course events had taken, or she never would have so far forgotten the privileges of her elder birth as to visit Charlotte's room first on such an important personal occasion.

Charlotte was still wrapped in her dressing-gown, lazily musing before the crackling, blazing fire. She had been a little tired with buffeting the storm.

"But dinner will be ready in half an hour, and you have to dress yet, Charlotte."

"I hope Harry will have a pleasant visit. We must do our best, Sophia, to make him happy."

"O Charlotte, if you have nothing to talk about but Harry, Harry, Harry, I am going! I am very fond of Harry, but I don't pretend to be blind to Harry's fault. Remember how many disagreeable hours he has given us lately. And I must say that I think he was very ungrateful about the £180 I gave him. He never wrote me a line of thanks."

"You did not give it to Harry; you loaned it to me. Be just, Sophia. I have paid you £15 of it back already, and I shall not buy a single new dress until it is all returned. You will not lose a shilling, Sophia."

"How Quixotic you can be! However, it is no use exciting ourselves to-night. One likes to keep the peace at Yule-tide, and so I will bow down to your idol as much as I can conscientiously."

Sophia went away with a smiling complacency and a subdued excitement of manner, which in some peculiar way revealed to Charlotte the real position of affairs between her sister and Julius Sandal.

"She might have told me," and it was easy to see that she felt the omission to be a slight, not only indicating something not quite pleasant in the past, but prefiguring also she knew not what disagreeable feelings for the future.

"It is not Sophia's fault," she muttered; "Julius is to blame for it. I think he really hates me now. He has said to her, 'There is no need to tell Charlotte, specially; it will make her of too much importance. I don't approve of Charlotte in many ways.' Oh, I know you, sir!"

She finished her toilet in haste, and went down-stairs. All the rooms were lighted, and she saw Julius and Sophia pacing up up and down the main parlour, hand in hand, so interested in their *sotto voce* conversation as to be quite unconscious that she had stood a moment at the open door for their recognition. So she passed on without troubling them. She heard her mother's happy laugh in the large dining-room, and she guessed from its tone that Harry was with her. Mrs. Sandal was beautifully dressed in black satin, and she held in her hand a handsome silver salver. Evidently she had been about to leave the room with it, when detained by some remark of her son's, for she was half-way between the table and the door, her kindly face all alight with love and happiness.

Harry was standing on the hearth-rug, facing the room, a splendidly handsome young fellow, in a crimson and yellow uniform. He was in the midst of a hearty laugh, but when he saw Charlotte, there was a sudden and wonderful transformation in his face. It grew in a moment much finer, more thoughtful, wistful, human. He sprang forward, took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he held her from him a little, looked at her again, and kissed her again; and with that last kiss, he whispered, "You good sister. You saved me, Charlotte, with that £500."

"I would have given it had it been my all; had it been fifty times as much, Harry."

There was no need to say another word. Harry and Charlotte understood each other, and Harry turned the conversation upon his cousin.

"This Indian fellow, this Sandal of the Brahminical caste, what is he like, Charley?"

"He does not admire me, Harry; so how can I admire him?"

"Then there must be something wrong with him in the fundamentals; a natural-born inability to admire what is lovely and good."

"You mustn't say such a thing as that, Harry. I am sure that Sophia is engaged to him."

"Does father like him?"

"Not much; but Julius is a Sandal, after all, and"——

"After me, the next heir; exactly."

At that moment the squire entered the room. His face was a little severe; but the moment his eyes fell upon Charlotte and Harry, every line of sternness was gone like a flash. Harry's arm was round his sister's waist, her head against his shoulder; but in a moment he gently released himself, and went to his father, and in his nineteenth-century way he said what the erring son of old said: "Father, I have not done right lately; I am very sorry."

"Say no more, Harry, my lad. There shall be no back reckoning between you and me. You have been mixed up with a sight of follies, but you can over-get all that. You take after me in looks. Up-sitting and down-sitting, you are my son. You come of a good kind; you have a kind heart and plenty of energy; now, then, make a fresh start, Harry. Oh, my dear, dear son!" The father's eyes were full of tears; his face shone with love, and he held the young man's hand in a clasp which forgave everything in the past, and promised everything for the future.

Then Julius and Sophia came in, and there was barely time to introduce the young men before dinner was served. They disliked each other on sight; indeed, the dislike was anterior to sight, and may be said to have commenced when Harry first heard how thoroughly at home Julius had made himself at Seat-Sandal, and when Julius first saw what a desirable estate and fine old "seat" Harry's existence deprived him of; and in half an hour this general aversion began to particularize itself. The slim, suave youth, with his black eyes and soft speech, and small hands and feet, seemed to Harry Sandal in every respect an interloper. The Saxon in this Sandal was lost in the Oriental.

But the dinner passed off very pleasantly, more so than family festivals usually pass. After it the lovers went into private session, to consider whether they should declare their new relationship during the evening, or wait until Julius could have a private audience with the squire. Sophia was inclined to the first course, because of the presence of the rector. She felt that his blessing on her betrothal would add a religious grace to the event, but Julius was averse to speak on any matter so private to himself before Harry Sandal. He felt that he could neither endure his congratulations nor his dissent; that, in fact, he did not want his opinion on the matter at all. Besides, he had determined to have but one discussion of the affair, and that must include all pertaining to Sophia's rights and her personal fortune.

While they were deciding this momentous question, the rector and Charlotte were singing over the carols for the Christmas service; the squire was smoking and listening, and Harry was talking in a low voice to his mother. But after the rector had gone, it became very difficult to avoid a feeling of *ennui* and restraint, although it was Christmas Eve. Mrs. Sandal soon went into the housekeeper's room, to assist in the preparation of the Yule hampers for the families of the men who worked on the estate. Sandal fell into a musing fit, and soon appeared to be

dozing, although Charlotte saw that he occasionally opened his eyes and looked at the whispering lovers, or else shot her a glance full of sympathetic intelligence.

At length the patriarch stood up, and looked around with a smile.

"God's blessing on this house, and on all beneath its roof-tree!

"Wife and children, a merry Christmas to you!

"Friends and serving hands, a merry Christmas to you!"

CHAPTER VII.—WOOING AND WEDDING.

Until after Twelfth Night the Christmas festivities were continued, but if the truth had been admitted, the cumbrous ceremonials, the excessive eating and visiting, would have been pronounced by everyone very tiresome. Julius found it particularly so, for the festival had no root in his boyhood's heart.

"It is such semblance of good fellowship, such a wearisome pretence of good wishes that mean nothing," he said one day. "What value is there in such talk?"

"Well," answered the squire, "it isn't a bad thing for some of us to feel obliged once in a twelve-months to be good-natured and give our neighbours a kind wish. There are them that never do it except at Christmas. Eh? What?"

The days were full of such strained conversations on various topics. Harry could say nothing which Julius did not politely challenge by some doubtful inquiry. Julius felt in every word and action of Harry's the authority of the heir, and the forbearance of a host tolerant to a guest. He complained bitterly to Sophia of the position in which he was constantly put. "Your father and brother have been examining timber, and looking at the outhouses this morning; and I understand they were discussing the building of a conservatory for Charlotte, but I was left out of the conversation entirely. Is it fair, Sophia? You and I are the next heirs, and just as likely to inherit as Harry. More so, I may say, for a soldier's life is already sold, and Harry is reckless and dissipated as well. I think I ought to have been consulted. I should not be in favour of thinning the timber. I daresay it is done to pay Harry's bills, and thus, you see, it may really be we who are made to suffer. I don't think your father likes our marriage.'

"But he gave his consent."

"I was very dissatisfied with his way of doing it. He might as well have said, 'If it has to be, it has to be, and there is no use fretting about it.' I may be wrong, but that is the impression his consent left on my mind, and he was quite unreasonable when I alluded to money matters. I would not have believed that your father was capable of being so disagreeably haughty. Of course, I expected him to say something about our rights, failing Harry's, and he treated them as if they did not exist. Even when I introduced them in the most delicate way, he was what I call

downright rude. 'Julius,' he said, 'I will not discuss any future that pre-supposes Harry's death.'"

"Father's sun rises and sets in Harry, and it was like him to speak that way; he meant nothing against us. Father would always do right. What I feel most is the refusal to give us our own apartments in Seat-Sandal. We do not want to live here all the time, but we ought to be able to feel that we have a home here."

"Yes, indeed; it is very important, in my eyes, to keep a footing in this house. Possession is a kind of right. But never mind, Sophia. I have always had an impression that this was my home. The first moment I crossed the threshold I felt it. All its rooms were familiar to me. People do not have such presentiments for nothing."

Sophia's nature deteriorated under this selfish process. She grew secretive and suspicious. Her love affairs assumed a proportion which put her in false relations to all the rest of the world.

Mrs. Sandal hardly perceived the growth of this domestic antagonism. When Harry was at Seat-Sandal, she lived, and moved and had her being in Harry. She was by no means oblivious of Sophia's new interests; she only thought that they could be put aside until Harry's short visit was over.

Charlotte's sympathies were also with Harry. One day she met him in the park.

She felt it to be a great comfort to complain to him, to even cry a little over the breaking of the family bond, and the loss of her sister's affections.

"I have always been so proud of Sophia, always given up to her in everything. Julius offered his hand to me first, and though I claim no merit for giving up what I do not want, yet, all the same, if I had wanted him I should have refused, because I saw that Sophia had set her heart upon him. I should, indeed, Harry."

"I believe you would, Charlotte."

"And somehow Julius manages to give me the feeling that I am only in Seat-Sandal on his tolerance. Many a time a day I have to tell myself that father is still alive, and that I have a right in my own home. I do not know how he manages to make me feel so."

"In the same way that he conveys to me the impression that I shall never be squire of Sandal-Side. He has doomed me to death in his own mind, and I believe if I had to live with him, I should feel constrained to go and shoot myself."

"I would come home and get married, Harry. There will be room enough and welcome enough for your wife in Seat-Sandal, especially if she be Emily."

"She will not be Emily, for I love someone else far away better—millions of times better than I love Emily."

"I am so glad, Harry. Have you told father?"

"Not yet. I do not think he will be glad, Charlotte."

"But why?"

"There are many reasons."

"Such as?"

"She is poor."

"Oh! that is bad, Harry; because I know that we are not rich. But she is not your inferior? I mean she is not uneducated or unladylike?"

"She is highly educated, and in all England there is not a more perfect lady."

"Then I can see no reason to think father will not be pleased. I am sure, Harry, that I shall love your wife. Oh, yes! I shall love her very dearly."

Then Harry pressed her arm close to his side, and looked lovingly down into her bright, earnest face. There was no need of speech. In a glance their souls touched each other.

"And so he asked you first, eh, Charley?"

"Yes."

"And you would not have him? What for, Charley?"

"I did not like Julius, and I did like someone else."

"Oh! Oh! Who is the someone else?"

"Guess, Harry; he is very like you, very; fair and tall, with clear, candid, happy blue eyes, and brown hair curling close over his head. In the folds and in the fields he is a master. His heart is gentle to all, and full of love for me. He has spirit, ambition, enterprise, and can work twenty hours out of the twenty-four to carry out his own plans. He is a right good fellow, Harry."

"A North-country man?"

"Certainly; do you think I would marry a stranger?"

"Cumberland born?"

"Who else?"

"Then it is Steve Latrigg, eh? Well, Charley, you might go farther and fare worse. I don't think he is worthy of you."

"Oh, but I do!"

"Very few men are worthy of you."

"Only Steve. I want you to like Steve, Harry."

"Certainly; Seat-Sandal folks and Up-Hill folks are always thick friends, and Steve and I were boy chums. He is a fine fellow, and no mistake. I am glad he is to be my brother. I asked mother about him, and she said he was in Yorkshire, learning how to spin and weave wool. A queer thing, Charley."

"Not at all. He may just as well spin his own fleeces, as sell them to Yorkshiremen to spin." Then they talked awhile of Stephen's plans, and Harry appeared to be much impressed with with them. "It is a pity father does not join him, Charley," he said. "Everyone is doing something of the kind now. Land and sheep do not make money fast enough for the wants of our present life. The income of the estate is no larger than it was in grandfather's time, but the expenses are much greater, although we do not keep up the same extravagant style. I need money, too; need it very much, but I see plainly that father has none to spare. Julius will press him very close."

"What has Julius to do with father's money?"

"Father must, in honour, pay Sophia's portion. Unfortunately, when the fellow was here last, father told him that he had put away from the estate £100 a year for each of his girls. Under

this promise, Sophia's right, with interest, will be near £3,000, exclusive of her share in the money grandmother left you. I am sorry to say that I have had something to do with making it hard for father to meet these obligations, and Julius wants the money paid at the marriage. Father, too, feels very much as I feel, and would rather throw it into the sea than give it to him, only *noblesse oblige.*"

The subject evidently irritated Harry beyond endurance, and he suddenly changed it, by taking from his pocket an ivory miniature. He gave it to Charlotte, and watched her face with a glow of pleasant expectation. "Why, Harry!" she cried, "does so lovely a woman really exist?"

He nodded happily, and answered with a voice full of emotion, "And she loves me."

"It is the countenance of an angel."

"And she loves me. I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment, Charley, but she loves me." Then Charlotte lifted the pictured face to her lips. Their confidence was complete, and they did not think it necessary to talk it over, or to exact promises of secrecy from each other.

The next day Harry returned to his regiment, and Sophia's affairs began to receive the attention which their important crisis demanded. In those days it was customary for girls to make their own wedding outfit, and there was no sewing machine to help them. "Mine is the first marriage in the family," Sophia said, "and I think there ought to be a great deal of interest felt in it." There were whole sets of many garments to make, and tucking, and frilling and stitching were then slow processes. The work promised to be so tedious, that the marriage day was postponed until July.

In the meantime, Julius spent his time between Oxford and Sandal-Side. Every visit was distinguished by some rich or rare gift to his betrothed, and he always felt a pleasure in assuring himself that Charlotte was consumed with envy and regret. Sophia soon found out that this idea flattered and pleased him, and it gave her neither shame nor regret to endorse it.

It was a very unhappy time to Charlotte. Her mother was weary with many unusual cares, her father more silent and depressed than she had ever before seen him, and through all and above all there was that feeling of money perplexity, which, where it exists, is no more to be hid than the subtle odour of musk, present though unseen.

This year the white winter appeared to Charlotte interminable in length. But one morning, at the end of March, there was a great west wind charged with heavy rains, and in a few hours the snow on all the fells had been turned into rushing floods, that came roaring down from every side into the valley.

"It will be cuckoo time directly, my dear. I want to see the swallows badly this year. Eh? What, Charlotte?"

"So do I, father. I never was so tired of the house before."

"There's a bit of difference lately, I think. Eh? What?"

Charlotte looked at him; there was no need to speak. How had it happened that Sophia had come to consider her welfare as apart from, and in opposition to, that of the welfare of Seat-Sandal.

"After all, maybe it is a bit natural," said the squire, with a sad air of apology. "I have noticed even the robins get angry if you watch them building their nests."

There were two large tears standing in his blue eyes, and two sprang into Charlotte's to meet them. She clasped his hand tight, and after a minute's silence said:

"I have a lover, father; the best a girl ever had. Has he made any difference between you and me? Only that I love you better. You are my first love; the very first creature I remember, father. One summer day you had me in your arms in the garden. I recollect looking at you and knowing you. I think it was at that moment my soul found me."

"It was on a summer day, Charlotte? Eh? What?"

"And the garden was all roses, father; red with roses; roses full of scent. I can smell them yet. The sunshine, the roses, the sweet air, your face, I shall never forget that moment, father."

"Nor I; I was a very happy man in those days, Charlotte. Young and happy and full of hope. I thought my children were some new make of children. I could not have believed, then, that they would ever give me a heartache, or have one themselves. And I had not a care. Money was very easy with me then; now it is middling hard to bring buckle and tongue together."

"When Sophia is married, we can begin and save a little. Mother, and you and I can be happy without extravagances."

"To be sure we can; but the trouble is, my saving will be the losing of all I have to send away. It is very hard, Charlotte, to do right at both ends. Eh? What?"

After this conversation, spring came on rapidly, and it was not long ere Charlotte managed to reach Up-Hill. She had not seen Ducie for several weeks, and she was longing to hear something of Stephen.

Ducie was in the garden at work, and as Charlotte crossed the steps in its stone wall, she lifted her head and saw her. Their meeting was free from all demonstration; only a smile and a word or two of welcome, and yet how conscious of affection! How satisfied both women were! Ducie went on with her task, and Charlotte stood by her side and watched her drop the brown seeds into the damp, rich earth.

When she entered the houseplace, she put the bright kettle on the hob, and took out her silver teapot and her best cups of lovely Crown Derby. And as she moved about in her quiet, hospitable way, they began to talk of Stephen. "Was he well?" "Yes, he was well, but there were things that might be better. I thought when he went to Bradford," continued Ducie, "that he would at least be learning something that he might be the better of in the long run, and that in a mill he would overget his notions about sheepskins being spun into golden fleeces. But he doesn't seem to get any new light that way, and Up-Hill is not doing well

without him. Fold and farm are needing the master's eye and hand, and it will be a poor lambing season for us, I think, wanting Steve; and deary me, Charlotte, one word from you would bring him home!"

Charlotte stooped and lifted the tortoise-shell cat, lying on the rug at her feet. She was not fond of cats, and she was only attentive to puss as the best means of hiding her blushes. Ducie understood the small, womanly ruse, and waited no other answer. "What is the matter with the squire, Charlotte? Does he think that Stephen isn't good enough for you? I'll not say that Latrigg evens Sandal in all things, but I will say that there are very few families that can even Latrigg. We have been without reproach—good women, honest men; not afraid of any face of clay, though it wore a crown above it."

"Dear Ducie, there is no question at all of that. The trouble arose about Julius Sandal. Father was determined that I or Sophia should marry him, and he was afraid of Steve standing in the way of Julius. As for myself, I felt as if Julius had been invited to Seat-Sandal that he might make his choice of us, and I took good care that he should understand from the first hour that I was not on his approbation. I resented the position, and I did not intend Stephen to feel that he was only getting a girl who had been appraised by Julius Sandal, and declined."

"You are a good girl, Charlotte, and as for Steve standing in the way of Julius Sandal, he will, perhaps, do that, and to some more purpose than sweethearting. I hear tell that he is very rich—but Steve is not poor—no, not by a good deal. His grandfather and I have been saving for him for more than twenty years, and Steve is one to turn his penny well and often. If you marry Steve, you will not have to study about money matters."

"Poor or rich, I shall marry Steve if he is true to me."

"There is another thing, Charlotte, a thing I talk about to no one; but we will speak of it once and forever. Have you heard a word about Steve's father? My trouble is long dead and buried, but there are some that will open the grave itself for a mouthful of scandal. What have you heard? Don't be afraid to speak out."

"I heard that you ran away with Steve's father."

"Yes, I did."

"That your father and mother opposed your marriage."

"Yes, that also is true."

"That he was a handsome lad, called Matt Pattison, your father's head shepherd."

"Was that all?"

"That it killed your mother."

"No, that is untrue. Mother died from an inflammation brought on by taking cold. I was no ways to blame for her death. I was to blame for running away from my home and duty, and I took in full all the sorrowful wage I earned. Steve's father did not live to see his son, and when I heard of mother's death, I determined to go back to father, and stay with him always if he would let me. I got to Sandal village in the

evening, and stayed with Nancy Bell all night. In the morning I went up the fell; it was a wet, cold morning, with gusts of wind driving the showers like a solid sheet eastward. We had a hard fight up the breast of the mountain, and the house looked bleak and desolate, for the men were all in the barn threshing, and the women in the kitchen at the butter troughs. I stood in the porch to catch my breath and take my plaid from around the child, and I heard father, in a loud, solemn voice, saying the Collect—father always spoke in that way when he was saying the Confession or the Collect—and I knew very well that he would be standing at that east window, with his prayer-book open on the sill. So I waited until I heard the 'Amen,' and then I lifted the latch and went in. He turned around and faced me, and his eyes fell at once upon little Steve, who was a bonny lad then, more than three years old. 'I have come back to you, father,' I said, 'I and my little Steve.' 'Where is thy husband?' he asked. I said, 'he is in the grave; I did wrong, and I am sorry, father.'"

"'Then I forgive thee.' That was all he said. His eyes were fixed upon Steve, for he never had a son of his own, and he held out his hands and Steve went straight to him, and he lifted the boy, and kissed him again and again, and from that moment he loved him with all his soul. He never cast up to me the wrong I had done, and by and by I told him all that had happened to me, and we never more had a secret between us, but worked together for one end, and what that end was, some day you may find out. I wish you would write a word or two to Steve. A word would bring him home, dear."

"But I cannot write it, Ducie. I promised father there should be no love-making between us, and I would not break a word father trusts in. Besides, Stephen is too proud and too honourable to have any underhand courting. When he can walk in and out Seat-Sandal in dayshine and in dark, and as everyone's equal, he will come to see me. Until then, we can trust each other and wait."

"What does the squire think of Steve's plans? Maybe, now, they are not very pleasant to him. I remember at the sheep-shearing he did not say very much."

"He did not say very much because he never thought that Steve was in earnest. Father does not like changes, and you know how land-owners regard traders, and I'm sure you wouldn't even one of our shepherd-lads with a man that minds a loom, and I would far rather see Steve counting his flocks on the fells than his spinning-jennys in a mill. Father was troubled about the railway coming to Ambleside, and I do think a factory in Sandal-Side would make him heart-sick."

"Then Steve shall never build one while Sandal lives. Do you think I would have the squire made heart-sick if I could make him heart-whole? Not for all the woollen yarn in England—tell him Ducie said so—the squire and I are old, old friends. Why, we pulled primroses together in the very meadow Steve

thought of building in! I'm not the woman to put a mill before a friend; oh, no! And in the long end I think you are right, Charlotte. A man had better work among sheep than among human beings. They are a deal more peaceable and easy to get on with. It is not so very hard for a shepherd to be a good man."

"You speak as I like to hear you, Ducie; but I must be going, for a deal falls to my oversight now."

Then she went slowly home, Ducie walking to the pine-wood with her. There was a vague unrest and fear at her heart, she knew not why.

Sophia's ideas of her own importance grew constantly more pronounced; indeed, there was a certain amount of "claim" in them, which no one liked very well to submit to.

Everyone was worn out before July, and everyone felt it to be a relief when the wedding-day came. It was ushered in with the chiming of bells and the singing of bride-songs by the village children. The village itself was turned upside down, and the house inside out. As for the gloomy old church, it looked like a festal place, with flowers, and gay clothing and smiling faces. And among the maids in pink and blue and primrose, Sophia stood, a very lily of womanhood.

The service was followed by the conventional wedding-breakfast, the congratulations of friends, and the rattling away of the bridal-carriage to the "hurrahing" of the servants and the villagers, and the *tintinnabula* of the wedding-peals. Before four o'clock the last guest had departed, and the squire stood with his wife and Charlotte, weary and disconsolate amid the remains of the feast and the dying flowers, all of them distinctly sensitive to that mournful air which accomplished pleasures leave behind them.

The squire could say nothing to dispel it. He took his rod as an excuse for solitude, and went off to the fells. Mrs. Sandal was exhausted, and was easily persuaded to go to her room and sleep. Then Charlotte called the servants, men and women, and removed every trace of the ceremony, and all that was unusual or extravagant. She set the simplest of meals; she managed in some way, without a word, to give the worried squire the assurance that all the folly and waste and hurryment were over forever, and that his life was to fall back into a calm, regular, economical groove.

He drank his tea and smoked his pipe to this sense, and was happier than he had been for many a week.

"It is a middling good thing, Alice," he said, "that we have only one more daughter to marry. I should think a matter of three or four would ruin or kill a man, let alone a mother.

"Come day, go day; at the long end, life is no better than the preacher called it—*vanity*. Well, well, William Sandal! Maybe we will feel better after a night's sleep. To-morrow is untouched."

And the squire, looking into her pale, placid face, had not the heart to speak out his thought, which was, "Nay, nay; we have mortgaged to-morrow. Debt and fear, and the penalties of overwork and over-eating and over-feeling will be dogging us for their dues by dayshine."

THE SCIENCE OF PREACHING.

BY ARCHDEACON F. W. FARRAR.

It is with considerable hesitation that I sit down to write on the subject of preaching. I am very far indeed from regarding myself as an authority on the subject. To preach aright has always seemed to me a serious problem, and to preach at all involves an immense responsibility. If there are any who can contemplate the duty with a light heart, I am not one of them. To see before you the faces of hundreds, sometimes even of thousands, of men and women; to know that some of them at least are hungering and thirsting after righteousness; to know that the multitude is composed of men, women, and the youth of both sexes, and that the word spoken may prove to be for some of them a message from God and the turning-point of a life; to know something of the struggles, the doubts, the difficulties, the temptations, the deadly perils, by which they are variously beset: to fear lest we should incur the reproach due to those whose

> "Lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
> But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

All this is, to a serious man, a very serious matter. "When I walk up the aisle of Westminster Abbey," said Canon Kingsley to a friend, "and see those gathered thousands, I wish myself dead, and when I walk back again after the sermon, I wish myself more dead."

Sermons are, and for the last two centuries have been, a common butt for the scorn of wits and men of the world. I attribute this, in part, to the depth of inanity, dulness, and artificiality to which, with a few brilliant exceptions, they fell at the Restoration, and throughout the eighteenth century. I do not think it would be fair to say that the general run of average preaching in these days is at all contemptible. I hear many sermons, preached by curates and by clergymen entirely unknown, and am constantly struck with the fact that if there be in one's self the least trace of "meek heart and due reverence," the sermons are few, indeed, which may not produce, at least, their passing and infinitesimal effect for good.

It is true that many sermons—one's own and others—are trite, feeble, commonplace; it cannot possibly be otherwise. There are twenty thousand clergy in the English Church, and many of us are very ordinary and every-day persons, who have not the faintest pretence to profoundness or eloquence. But then, we share these limitations of faculty with our lay critics. We find the tedious and the platitudinous quite as much in books, newspapers, law courts, Parliamentary debates, and magazines, as in sermons. Sermons would be just as bad if you turned out all the clergy to-morrow and put twenty thousand of their most disdainful and self-satisfied critics in their place. The clergy possess no monopoly of dulness or patent of unprofitableness. If very few of us are great, or wise, or clever,

we, at least, stand intellectually on a level with the mass of our hearers. To most men God does not give ten talents, but only one, and that only in an earthen vessel. It is impossible to expect an endless succession of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," from a preacher whose powers, at the best, are but ordinary; who may be suffering at any moment from sickness of body or depression of spirits; who is, in very many instances, involved in endless work and unceasing worry; whose heart may be aching with anxiety, and whose life may be burdened by poverty and all the sordid cares which it inevitably brings. And when we remember that most clergymen, in the midst of heavy parochial burdens, have to produce—not rare and splendid *conférences* at Advent or Easter, like some of the great French preachers—but two sermons, or more, regularly every week, besides various addresses, we shall, I think, be struck with the general excellence of sermons; at any rate we shall be less impatient of their many defects.

> "The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
> God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

There are, I frankly admit, some sermons which are simply detestable. When the preacher is conceited, affected, and manifestly unreal; when he betrays his ignorance, while he is pretending to a knowledge and authority which he does not possess; when he is insinuating some disputed and paltry party dogma, instead of pressing home the great, broad, simple truths of the Gospel; when he is indulging in "loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms," instead of "preaching simple Christ to simple men;" when he is abusing the coward's castle of his pulpit to slander his betters, and to teach the sham science of castes, and the sham theology of cliques, or to air the cut and dried snippings of the formulæ with which he has been assiduously crammed at his party training place; when he is doing anything but

> "Preach as never sure to preach again,
> And as dying man to dying men"—

all hearers are free to turn their thoughts to something else, with such charity for the preacher as they may. But so long as he is evidently and transparently sincere; so long as he confines himself to preaching the plain eternal truths of the Gospel of Christ; so long as he insists on the fundamental and primary truth, that "what that supreme and sacred Majesty requires of us is innocence alone," I think that the most critical of hearers ought to bear with his limitations of power, or his ineradicable defects of manner and style. After all, the *lowest* claim which any sermon could put forward, would be a claim to rhetorical skill, or literary finish. If a sermon attempts to charm the ear or the mind, it should only be as a means of moving the heart. Moral and spiritual edification is the humble, yet lofty aim of every true Christian pulpit. It is, as St. Augustine said, *docere*, *flectere*, *movere*—to arrest the careless, to strengthen the weak, to lift up the fallen, to bring the wanderer home.

This is the deeper aspect of preaching, and a clergyman must, indeed, have been indifferent or unfortunate if, during his ministry, abundant proofs have not come to him that even the ministrations which he himself,

as well as many of his hearers, regarded as so feeble and imperfect, have yet fallen as with dews of blessing on many souls.

But I must turn to questions of voice and gesture.

1. Most Englishmen have a just horror of the word "elocution," because they think that it means something histrionic and artificial, which, in the pulpit, is more offensive than any other fault. For if a preacher gives himself any airs and graces, or indulges in theatrical tones or studied gesticulations, if he thinks of himself at all, and so *ceases* to be his own natural and manly self, he at once becomes as insufferable as Cowper's Sir Smug, or Thackeray's Mr. Honeyman. But confining the word "elocution" to the right management of the voice and the correction of awkward mannerisms, it has been a great misfortune to the majority of living clergymen that they have entered, as I did, upon the important task of addressing their fellow-men, without one hour of training. In this respect the Americans are much more wise than we are. At all their schools and colleges they have rhetoric and elocution classes. The teachers study the mechanism of the vocal organs, and teach their pupils how to articulate clearly, and how to bring out their voices so as to make themselves heard. Boys and youths, by going through five or six years of this training, are effectually cured of distressing nervous peculiarities, and are taught to express themselves in public with force and ease. Good speaking, so far as these qualities are concerned, is far more common in America than in England.

2. As for "action," it comes naturally to the Greek, the Italian and the Irishman, but to very few men of our cold English temperament. It is, indeed, said of Whitefield, that when he slowly uplifted his arms in pronouncing the words, "If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea," a lady who was present, declared that nothing would have surprised her less than to see him soar bodily to Heaven. Demosthenes said that the three requisites of the orator were, "Action, action, action;" but there is scarcely one of our own great orators or preachers who has used much action. I do not think that action can be taught, though we might be taught to *avoid* actions which are ungraceful and distressing.

3. What shall we say of humour? Is it admissible in the pulpit? I should say very rarely, and only if it be a natural gift. Some eminent modern preachers, among whom I may mention Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher; and, in the English Church, Archbishop Magee and the Bishop of Derry, have made humour the instrument of the most searching insight, and, in the latter instances, of the most refined beauty. The mediæval preachers made free use of humour in their sermons, and sometimes abused the privilege. But we know from the sermons of the great and saintly Chrysostom that he, too, frequently made his vast audience laugh. To quote but one instance, when he was preaching against the extravagant Byzantine fashion of bejewelled and gorgeously embroidered boots, he described the dandies who wore them delicately picking their way to church. "If you don't want to soil your boots," he said, "I recommend you to take them off your feet and wear them on your heads. You laugh!" he cried, "but I rather weep for your follies."

4. It seems to me to be altogether a mistake to be too stereotyped in our

notions of "the dignity of the pulpit." The illustrations of the Hebrew prophets, of the great Apostles, of Christ himself, were incessantly drawn from the commonest objects and the most familiar incidents of daily life. Room should be left for the greatest variety of topic, and abundance of illustration. An illustration in a modern sermon may take the place of those parables, the divine secret of which was absolutely unique. An illustration, and the lesson which it carries with it, may often be remembered for years, when the very same thing expressed conventionally and in the abstract, might be forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The preacher might say, like the poet:

> "From Art, from Nature, from the schools,
> Let random influences glance,
> Like light in many a shiver'd lance
> That breaks about the dappled pools:
> The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
> The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
> The slightest air of song shall breathe,
> To make the sullen surface crisp."

5. But what is needed in the pulpit most of all is simplicity and sincerity. What American writers call "personal magnetism" is that impressiveness of the individuality of which Aristotle describes the most commanding element under the head of ἦθος. It is this which makes some men take an audience by storm before they have spoken a single sentence. If a speaker be manly, straightforward, earnest, sincere, he cannot possibly fail. This simplicity and sincerity are compatible with styles and methods which, if they were not part of the writer's whole self, and the result of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon him, might not be so described. Sincerity and simplicity of heart may wear the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton's prose, and yet give us no sense of unreality; and, on the other hand, unreality may clothe itself in a style of ostentatious commonplace and monosyllabic baldness. The passionate earnestness of Burke burns through the periods so stiff with golden embroidery. South alluded with scathing contempt to the imagery of Jeremy Taylor. Nevertheless, Jeremy Taylor's style came to him as naturally as Milton's, or Carlyle's or Wordsworth's, or Ruskin's, or that of any other great writer who has been received at first by all the professional critics with shouts of ignorant disdain.

I should recommend every preacher to amend such faults in his style as he sees, and as he *can*; but otherwise never to think of his style at all, and simply to say what he has to say as naturally as he can; to say nothing that he does not mean, and to mean nothing which he does not say. If he does this he will be thoroughly well understood by all, for heart will speak to heart, and whether his style be as plainly Saxon as John Bunyan's, or as full of long Latin words as some passages of Shakespeare, will make no difference. "Preach so that the very servant-maids will understand you," was the advice given by a prelate to a young deacon; and the maid-servants, yes, and even street Arabs, will understand any man who speaks to them with real feeling on human subjects and in a human way. Let a man but speak that of which he is heart and soul convinced, and the poorest sermon will do some good.

Posturing assumption, artificial sainthood, will avail no one long, and even eloquence and learning without sincerity will produce no real effect. "Why to thee? why to thee?" said the burly and handsome Fra Masseo, to poor, ragged, emaciated Francis of Assisi. "I say why should all the world come after thee, and everyone desire to see and hear and obey thee? Thou art not handsome, thou art not learned, thou art not noble; therefore why to thee? Why does all the world run after thee?" But even as he spoke the words, the good-humoured brother knew that the answer was not far to seek. It lay in the personality, the intensity of devotion, the depth of self-sacrifice, which were the secrets of the age-long influence of the sweet saint who took forsaken Poverty to be his bride.

Dean Hook was always regarded as an effective preacher at Leeds by the multitudes who thronged the great parish church. He gave the secret of his success in these words:

"I am convinced that one of the things which makes my ordinary sermons tell from the pulpit, is this very circumstance, that I write precisely as I would talk, and that my sermons are as nearly as possible extemporaneous effusions."

The reason why the plain "extemporaneous effusions" told, was because "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*Review of the Churches.*

HYMN ON THE ASCENSION.

CECIL F. LAVELL.

[*From the Spanish of Ponce de Leon.*]

And dost Thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here in this darksome vale to grieve,
While Thou ascend'st Thy glorious throne?

Oh, where can they their hopes now turn,
Who never lived but on Thy love?
Where rest the hearts for Thee that burn,
When Thou art lost in light above?

How shall those eyes now find repose,
That turn in vain Thy smile to see?
What can they hear save mortal woes,
Who lose Thy voice's melody?

And who shall lay His tranquil hand
Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the winds by His command?
Who guide us through this starless night?

For Thou art gone!—that cloud so bright,
That bears Thee from our love away,
Springs upward through the dazzling light,
And leaves us here to weep and pray.

Kingston, Ont.

MADE WHOLE.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

In his study, on a Monday, sat the pastor good and grave,
Meditating on the Gospel, and the world Christ came to save,
When his reverie was broken by the door-bell's sudden din,
And his wife, a gentle matron, in a nervous way came in
And said—"A man to see you ; he wouldn't give his name—
Suspicious-looking person, with a furtive air of shame.
Do you think you'd better see him?" "Why, of course, my timid dear,"
Cried the pastor, quickly rising, "there is surely nought to fear."
And a moment later found him in the parlour down below,
In the presence of the stranger, all his genial face aglow
With a sympathetic interest, as in frank, unstudied way
He said—"You wished to see me? very good ; be seated pray."
Like a glint of summer sunshine seemed the pastor's cheery style,
And upon the stranger's features there came a ghost-like smile,
But it vanished in a moment from that hard, unhappy face,
Like a conscious thing that felt itself absurdly out of place.

"Yes ;" he said, "I wished to see you, as a sort of last recourse—
But I thought I'd better do it ere I—well—do something worse ;
I'm a wretched man—a *convict fresh from prison*—ah, you start !
Yes ; the brand upon my forehead marks me as a thing apart ;
Tho' God knows, sir, I would fain redeem the dark and guilty past,
And I've tried to get a foothold—but I've given up at last ;
Or, I *will* when *you* have told me, like all other honest men,
That a wretch once marked a convict must a convict still remain ;
That the world of upright people cannot bear his leper touch,
And the marts of honest commerce can have no use for such ;
That is what you'll maybe tell me, and I do not call you hard ;
You must bow to iron custom, and you're bound, sir, to regard
The criminal an outcast—yet last night I heard you say
In your sermon—I was present, I just happened up that way—
I heard you say that Jesus Christ held out a helping hand
To the very lowest sinner—to the vilest in the land ;
And so I thought I'd come, sir, and ask if that is true,
For it's not like what I meet with—it is not what most folks do.
It may be I was dreaming, for my head is often light,
And perhaps it's just a fancy that I heard all this last night,
But I thought I'd call and ask you if it is really so,
Before I—but no matter—that is, before I go."

"Before you do self-murder and end it all, you'd say !
Nay, nay, my hapless brother, put that black thought away—
'Tis true, but any words of mine are weak to say *how* true,
That Jesus, the Compassionate, holds out His hand to *you*,
And at this very moment He has whispered in my ear"—
And here the pastor grasped the stranger's hand with hearty cheer,
"Where I can get you steady work, which I'll be glad to do ;
So put yourself at ease, my man, and do not look so blue.

And here's my little wifey—Ah, wife, I'm glad you've come,
Shake hands with—never mind the name—he's welcome to our home."
Whereupon the timid matron did as she was bid and smiled.
And then into the room there burst a golden-headed child;
"Our Dolly!" said the pastor, as the little romping miss
Stood all abashed—"Come, darling, won't you give my friend a kiss?"
And to that friend's amazement—in an innocent embrace
She hugged him round the neck and kissed his pale and haggard face,
And nestled in his bosom, and as his head bent o'er
She whispered to him gently, "What is oo cwying for?"
And when he rose his cheeks were wet, and sobbing shook his frame,
But from his eyes there seemed to glow a new and holy flame,
And in a broken voice he said—"Brother, you've saved my soul!
I've touched Christ's garment through your love, and it has made
me whole."

TORONTO, April, 1893.

THE METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

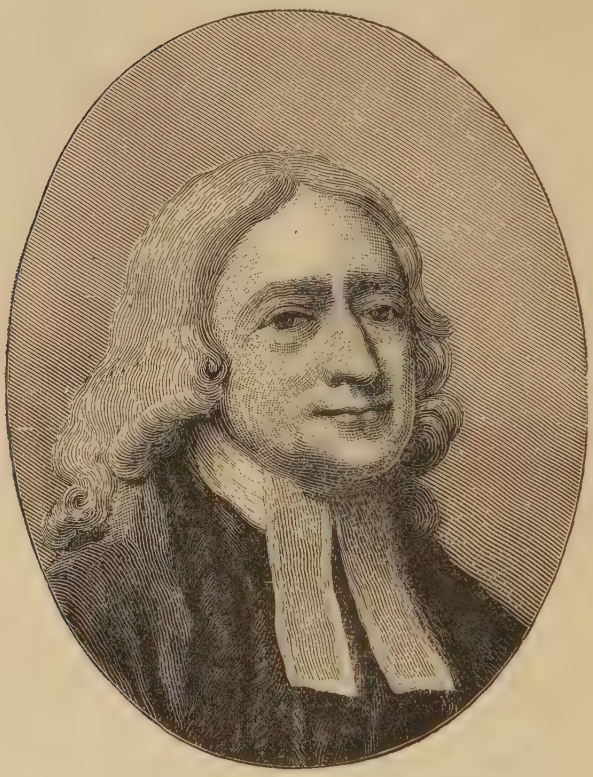
["*Velut arbor crescit.*"]

LIKE one who stands beneath a giant oak,
That stretches forth its branches far and wide,
Extending its dense shade on every side,
Unscathed by tempest or by thunder-stroke,
So stand we here to-day beneath a tree
Of God's own planting in this favoured land,
Which He hath guarded with His mighty hand,
Till to what stature it has grown we see.
A hundred years have shed their winter snows
And summer showers upon its spreading roots,
And still by grace of God it grows and grows,
And still brings forth its glorious harvest fruits;
God grant its blessed shade may still increase,
And that its heavenly fruits may never cease.

As from an acorn small that sturdy tree
Peered first, a feeble germ, above the ground,
While chill rains fell, and skies inclement frowned,
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea;
So, from a weak and small beginning grew
This tall and stately tree, that shaketh now
Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow
Its leafy honours fed by sun and dew.
War's loud and rude alarms raged through the land,
The troubled tumult of the battle-strife,
Bloodshed and horror reigned on every hand,
Yet could not crush its vigorous young life,
Still flourishing in sturdy strength to-day,
God grant this tree may never know decay.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD.



John Wesley

Of thy stern goodness oft have I been told,
The glories clinging to thy sacred name,
The Spirit's fire, that, like an inward flame,
E'er kept thy spirit from becoming cold;
And when religion was bedewed with mould,
And every man held naught but worldly aim,
Thou didst with boldness put to endless shame,
Those sordid worshippers of games and gold.
Thou didst reflect the Nazarene's pure life,
And lift humanity to nobler things
Than they could reach unaided and alone,
By leading upwards through all earthly strife,
To heaven's refreshing and life-giving springs,
And God,—who loves and sanctifies His own.

GALT, Ont.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Some time ago Fiji was visited by a German scientist and statesman, Baron de Hubner, who had travelled three times round the world. He remarked to the Rev. A. J. Webb: "I must say, that the change that has come over these islands is wonderful; no candid man can deny it. What I want to get at is, how did it come about? I want you to tell me how you account for it." Mr. Webb replied: "I cannot account for the change that has taken place, except in one way. If it has struck you so forcibly, Baron, how has it struck me? You have seen only as a visitor, I have been here for years and have seen it going on. I can only account for it in one way. I believe in God, and I account for it by the influence of the Holy Ghost;" and he, a Roman Catholic and a foreigner, bowed his head reverently and said, "So do I."

The Methodist service in Vienna, Austria, has been resumed. It is expected that there will be no further interruption.

Mr. Lethaby, who has been labouring in Moab as a missionary at his own expense, purposes to make a missionary journey across Arabia by a new and roundabout journey, and among peoples little known to Englishmen. Mr. Lethaby will be accompanied by Sergeant Cameron, who has purchased his discharge. He has filled various offices of trust in his regiment, and he enjoys the esteem of his comrades. Sergeant Riley, who was recently converted at Cairo, will also go.

The *Methodist Times* is of opinion that the Indian Missionary Conference committed a grave error in refusing to condemn the three great moral evils which are sanctioned by the British Government in that country, viz.: The liquor traffic, the opium trade, and the regulation of the social evil.

Rev. David Hill, the well-known missionary in China, has had a grand send-off from his native city, York, where a farewell meeting was held. He has gone forth on his third term of foreign service greatly cheered by his furlough at home, and by the practical sympathy which so many have manifested.

The "Joyful News Mission" has been a wonderful success under its founder, the Rev. Thos. Champness. In eight years $145,000 have been contributed to its funds. A demand is now being made for means to send forth 200 evangelists, chiefly to the foreign field. Mr. Champness will give $3,000. Mrs. Argent, mother of the evangelist who was killed at Wusuch, has received $4,625 from the Chinese Government, as compensation, but has handed the entire amount to Mr. Champness for the evangelistic work.

Rev. W. Burgess writes from Secunderbad: We have 409 members, with 1,068 on trial. There have been 598 baptisms during the year, the largest number for any one year. We have also planted the Gospel in sixteen new villages during the year.

A valedictory service was held in Wesley's chapel, London, to bid farewell to six young ladies who were going abroad to enter upon missionary work. A similar service was also held at Blyth, to bid farewell to Mr. Barnard, who goes to China.

A *Creche* has been formed at Lincoln House, West London Mission. It is a Day Nursery, where poor children from one year to five years old are kept all day, from eight o'clock in the morning until the same hour

at night. They are fed, washed, nursed and amused for the sum of five cents each per day. Mothers are thus relieved, and can attend to their work, and the children are well cared for. The *Creche* is under the care of Sister Hope, who has also formed a society of older children called the Daisy Guild, in which they are trained for usefulness. A similar *Creche* exists in Toronto.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Church of the Pentecost would be a fitting name for the Twenty-seventh Street Church in New York. The Rev. B. F. Kidder is pastor. The membership comprises the following nationalities and races: English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Roumanian, Chinese, African and Hebrew. The pastor believes that there may be other nationalities which he has not identified.

Zion's Herald recently devoted two columns to the testimonies of a large number of superannuates, in the form of a love-feast. It was truly interesting reading.

Forsyth Street Church, the oldest in New York, recently celebrated its anniversary. The closing sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Buckley, when the mortgage deed for $35,000 was burned in the presence of the congregation, which rejoices in the extinction of its debt.

Washington Square Church, in New York, celebrated its Missionary Day, March 5, when the receipts amounted to $6,000. "The large amount was the result of small gifts from many, and not the result of large gifts from a few.'

The sixth annual session of the Deaconess Conference met in Cincinnati, February 24. On the Sabbath, many of the city pulpits were occupied by delegates. Of the thirty homes now established in the United States, fifteen were represented by forty-seven delegates. There are thirty-eight trained, active and consecrated women in the Home at Cincinnati. They give their time to the poor; they go into the homes of poverty and distress everywhere.

Rome, Italy. Four grandsons of Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, have been placed by their father in the Methodist Institute. He said, "I do not want my boys taught by Romanists. The school is the beginning of a great Methodist educational plant to be erected in Rome. Besides the school there will be a college, a theological seminary and a book concern.

The Book Committee will distribute $125,000 among the Conferences during 1893. In four years $430,000 have thus been distributed.

A man earnestly seeking Christ, travelled 100 miles to hear Bishop Joyce preach at the late session of the Bulgarian Conference. He was happily converted, and in his gratitude proposed, when the Bishop reached his city, to draw him through the streets with six large buffaloes.

At the Baltimore Conference, Bishop Newman contributed $5,000 for the building of Asbury Hall in the American University, and the Conference added $5,160.

Seven new Methodist church edifices are under way, or to be built this season in Cleveland, Ohio.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The Baltimore Conference has increased from 13,000 to 42,000 since 1866; that is, over 300 per cent.

About $23,000 have been raised on the missionary debt.

Three lay missionaries from Georgia have been appointed to the mission in Japan.

Bishop Keener says, "Our Methodism, on the Sabbath, consists of 1,000,000 of grown people going toward church, and 500,000 children going away from it." Being asked why so few young people are found at preaching, he answered, "Because for ten years we have been teaching them to stay away. It only requires ten years in this country to shape public sentiment."

During the past decade, according

to the census, the growth of the Southern Methodist Church was forty-seven per cent., the largest of any church in the United States of equal number. That of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) was thirty per cent.

The *Quarterly Review* published at Nashville, entails an annual loss on the Church of $1,500.

Methodist New Connexion.

The special committee of the Book Room has decided to recommend the Conference to sanction the publication of a large magazine at five cents per month, and the *Gleaner* to be more racy and attractive than such publications usually are. Two editors, instead of one, are to be appointed.

A superb church, with all modern improvements of kitchen, heating apparatus, class-rooms, etc., has been erected at Old Basford, costing $6,250.

At Dudley, chiefly through the skill of one minister, $8,350 has been paid on mortgages, and the spiritual life of the church has greatly improved.

Primitive Methodist.

The returns are being prepared for Conference. There are 40,000 young people connected with the Sunday-schools who are meeting in class.

It has been ascertained that the leasehold properties of the Connexion amount to $2,500,000. At present in many rural districts progress is impossible, by reason of the arbitrary conditions inserted in the leases, and by the determination of squires, parsons and landowners to cripple, and if possible, crush out dissent in the villages. The Government's Land Enfranchisement Bill will afford some relief.

The General Chapel Fund Committee recently met. In ten years, by aid afforded from this committee, burdens amounting to $200,000 have been removed from trust estates.

Bible Christian.

An evangelistic mission at Bodmin, has resulted in the conversion of fifty persons. Miss Costin was the evangelist. A similar service was successful at Tresparrett, Cornwall; also at Redcliffe Crescent, Bristol. Some fifty Sunday-school children joined the church under the labours of Miss North.

A strong and general desire for Methodist Union prevails in the denomination in Australia, and it is hoped that the said union may be consummated, at latest, in 1894.

The Methodist Church.

The French Institute in Montreal does good work. One of its objects is to train French-Canadians, especially converts from Romanism, and to give general education in French. It has accommodation for 100 students. Last year there were seventy-two, of whom fifteen were from Roman Catholic families.

A Chinaman was lately executed in British Columbia for a capital crime. He was visited by the Rev. J. Gardiner, the Chinese missionary, who believed that he obtained pardon before death. He requested two missionaries to be with him at the last.

A farewell meeting was held in Berkeley Street Church, Toronto, March 15, to bid adieu to Mrs. Redner and Miss Wickett. The former goes to Port Simpson, to take charge of the Girls' Home, and the latter will be associated with Mrs. Morrow in the Chinese Home, Victoria. The meeting was deeply interesting.

The Committee of Consultation and Finance met in the Mission Rooms, March 23. News from China is very encouraging. Three acres of land have been purchased in Central Park, City of Chen-tu, as a site for a hospital, missionary houses, etc., at a cost of $1,650. Two houses will be built forthwith. Large special donations have been received. Wesley College Missionary Society, Winnipeg, pledges the support of a missionary for seven years, and the

Wesleyan College Missionary Society, Montreal, offers to support a missionary in the same field. It was decided to send two more men to China, one as a medical missionary, and another as an evangelical worker.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Charles Silvester passed away at his home in Toronto on April 11, 1893, full of years and surrounded by the love and esteem of troops of friends. Brother Silvester had retired from the work of the ministry for some years, but even after that retirement he laboured as his strength would permit in ministration to the sick and the suffering.

He began his labours as a Methodist minister in 1846, and had a long and successful career as a faithful minister of the Word. His memory is fragrant to-day in the many circuits where he laboured, Wardsville, Goderich, Elora, Bradford, Prince Albert, Baltimore, Grimsby, and Niagara. For many years he was financial secretary of his district. Since 1877 he has lived in Toronto as a superannuated minister. He was a true son of consolation. His kindly face, his dignified bearing, his unfailing Christian courtesy and sympathy won him a warm welcome to the bedside of sickness and suffering as well as in other circles where ministerial duty called him.

Rev. J. F. Bent, Nova Scotia Conference, has finished his course. He went to his first circuit in 1828, and became a supernumerary in 1858. He was mighty in prayer; his testimonies at Conference, Love-feasts, were always powerful and fervent. He was a fine type of an old Methodist minister.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Studley will be remembered by those who attended the General Conference in Hamilton, 1882, when he was fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a man of fine presence, and an able minister. His death occurred at Evanston, near Chicago, February 26, 1893, where he was pastor of the First Methodist Church.

The Rev. E. E. Wiley, D.D., of the M. E. Church South, died at Emory College, Virginia. For more than forty years he was connected with that institution of learning. He was a very scholarly man, and trained thousands of young men in their collegiate course.

King George, of Tonga, Friendly Islands, has passed away. It was believed that he was 100 years old. Though a warrior who had engaged in many battles, he was brought to a knowledge of the truth in early manhood. For many years he laboured earnestly as a local preacher.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Lord, go before and point the road,
  I know not whither it may lead,
  Nor what the work Thou hast decreed—
Enough that Thou wilt bear the load!

Oh, help me, through the toil and heat,
  To follow closely at Thy side,
  Ere yet the gracious dew has dried
From off the treadings of Thy feet!

Let Thy sweet presence light my way,
  And hallow every cross I bear;
  Transmuting duty, conflict, care,
In love's service, day by day.

Book Notices.

A Short History of the Christian Church. By JOHN FLETCHER HURST, D.D., LL.D. With maps. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxxvii.–672. Price $3.00.

In this book, Bishop Hurst has supplied a long-felt want. Every intelligent reader must have felt the need for some concise, yet comprehensive history of that great religious movement throughout the ages, which is the soul of all history—the growth and development of the Christian Church. There are many works, in many volumes, treating exhaustively separate periods, and there are some dry-as-dust compilations, which profess to treat it as a whole; but it was reserved for Bishop Hurst to give the most full and lucid, and at the same time, compendious and readable outline of church history from the Apostolic period down to the present time.

The grouping of subjects in this volume is remarkably clear, as the relations of Paganism and Judaism to Christianity; the Pagan persecution and literary attacks; the Christian apologists and the development of the early controversies, schisms and heresies; the theology of the early Church, ecclesiastical government and discipline; Christian life and usages; monasticism and expansion of Christianity. In the chapter on the Church and the Catacombs, the author does us the honour to refer with commendation to our own treatment of this subject.

With similar lucid arrangement, Bishop Hurst treats the mediæval Church, the Reformation era, and the modern Church in Europe and America. Some of these chapters are of very special interest, as the rise of Mahomedanism, mediæval missions, monastic orders, Christian art and worship, the crusades, scholastic philosophy, and the divided papacy.

In the third period, an important chapter is that on the heralds of Protestantism; then the Reformation in Germany, France, Switzerland, Great Britain, the Netherlands and Italy. One great result of the Reformation was the emancipation of thought, promotion of learning, establishment of schools, growth of literature, and the mighty impulse given to human progress. The reaction under the Jesuits; the development of the English Puritans and Quakers; the lapse of Protestantism into Deism, mysticism and rationalism; the Evangelical reaction, growth of Methodism and the Tractarian movement, Protestant missions, temperance reform, Sunday-schools, the Salvation Army; progress of philanthropy in England, Germany, and in the New World, anti-slavery and other reforms are treated with conspicuous ability, candour and fairness.

A most valuable feature of this history is the citation in each chapter of the authorities upon the subjects. Thus, persons wishing to pursue further any special department, may know just where to find the material. The book has also about a dozen two-page coloured maps, copious indexes of authors and subjects, and marginal sub-heads. The Bishop does not merely give us the bare facts and dry bones of history. He clothes them with flesh and blood, indicates the articulations, and enables us to comprehend something of the living spirit that makes the history of the Christian Church an organic whole. As Mr. Laurence Hutton has well said:

"Bishop Hurst asserts that, while in secular history the spiritual forces remain largely in the background, in the life of the Church they have come out boldly into the clear foreground. Though often in the wrong, and always divided in opinion, the Church, he believes, has been saved

from fatal error and downfall by Divine interposition ; the champion of a bad cause invariably sees his plans fail through the work of some brave and pure opponent. There has been an Athanasius to meet every Arius, a fearless Luther to encounter a Leo X. In the view of the author, the office of showing how and when the Divine power has controlled all human events, and made them subserve the steady progress of God's servants, is the mission of him who writes the history of the Church, and this mission has Bishop Hurst faithfully and nobly performed.

"The chapter upon 'Wesley and Methodism' in the section upon 'The Modern Church,' is an excellent specimen of Bishop Hurst's workmanship. It depicts in a few short but direct words the deplorable condition of religion in England in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, when Puritan activity had been transplanted into the American colonies, and when both the deism of the ablest English thinkers, and the atheism of the French philosophers were far more potent intellectual forces than the faith, often ignorant or formal, of the English churchman. In a few pages we have an account of England at the beginning of this Wesleyan movement ; of John and Charles Wesley themselves ; of the association of John Wesley with the Moravians, and their influence upon him ; of Wesley's organizing powers ; of the development of Methodism, and of Methodism at Wesley's death—so clear that a child can comprehend it."

The good Bishop is an optimist on the moral movements of the age, and especially on the great temperance movement. "The result of the great moral agitation of this century abides in the entire emancipation of the mass of English-speaking people of North America from the use of intoxicating drinks. Victory will come in the end. The day is sure to dawn when the saloon will be relegated to the realm of iniquities, and will be as great a curiosity as the virgin, or any other monstrosity in the torture-chamber of the Nuremberg castle."

A Short History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Illustrated edition, edited by MRS. J. R. GREEN and MISS KATE NORGATE. New York : Harper & Bros. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. liv.–468. Price $5.00.

This popular history needs no words of commendation. It has already had an enormous sale on both sides of the sea, and has kindled in the minds of many thousands a new zeal in the study of English history. It is a very pleasant national episode that this handsome illustrated edition should be issued by the leading American publishing house, with a sumptuousness of printing, binding and engraving which leaves nothing to be desired.

The chief characteristic of Mr. Green's history is that it is emphatically that of the English *people*. It is not a mere "drum and trumpet" history of battles and sieges, a record of camps and courts, of kings and warriors and their exploits ; too often, as Milton has expressed it, "like the battles of the crows and kites." It is a record of the social development, humane progress and homely every-day life of the people. To use Mr. Green's own words, "The mill by the stream ; the tolls on the market-place ; the brasses in the church ; the names of its streets ; the lingering memory of its guilds ; the mace of the mayor, tell us more of the past of England than the spire of Sarum or the martyrdom of Canterbury."

Mrs. Green well remarks that her husband's history has communicated something of "that passionate patriotism by which it is itself inspired, as it creates and illuminates for the English democracy the vision of the continuous life of a mighty people, and as it quickens faith in that noble ideal of freedom which we have brought as our great contribution to the sum of human effort." This new American edition will doubtless help to strengthen the ties of kinship, and the reverence for the common past of all English-speaking people on both sides of the sea.

The story of the genesis of this history is one of pathetic interest. When Mr. Green left Oxford in 1860, in his twenty-third year, he chose as his work a curacy in one of the poorest parishes in East London. Out of his poverty he gathered books, many days going without dinner when there was no other way of buying them. We quote from the memorial of his wife, the editor of this volume: "His own needs were few, and during nearly three years he spent on the necessities of his schools and the poor, more than the whole of the income he drew from the church. He provided for his own support by writing at night, after his day's work was done, articles for the *Saturday Review*. After nine years of clerical labour his health entirely failed. All active work was forever at an end. The doctors told him there was little hope of prolonging his life six months. It was at this moment, the first moment of leisure he had ever known, he began to write his short history."

Nearly five years of physical pain and despondency were given to the work. At length it was presented to the world in 1874, and before a month was over, in the generous welcome given to it by scholars and the English people, he found his reward. In defining the scope of his history, the author says: "It is a reproach to historians that they have too often turned history into a mere record of butchery of men by their fellow-men. But war plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any. He has, therefore, devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy; to Caxton than to the petty strifes of York and Lancaster; to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the Young Pretender."

"If some of the conventional figures of military and political history occupy less than the space usually given them," he adds, "it is because I have had to find a place for figures little heeded in common history—the figures of the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant and the philosopher."

As we look upon the steel portrait of the fine, delicate features of this zealous and patriotic student, it is sad to think that his bright, young life was so early cut off, and that he sleeps in a foreign grave, far from the land he loved so well. This book, however, is his noblest monument.

The numerous illustrations, the annotated catalogue of which fills twenty-six pages, are not the mere sketches of an imaginative artist; they are careful reproductions of contemporary pictures of English life, of ancient buildings, of implements, vessels, armour, ornaments, illustrations of arts, industries, costumes and customs—everything that can give a clear and correct conception of the life and character of the English people. The coloured maps, showing the successive changes in the country, make the narrative exceedingly lucid. There are also a number of beautiful fac-simile copies of illuminated manuscripts, missals, etc., in gold and colours. Fine engravings after Turner and other artists give the recent appearance of the scenes of great events in English history.

This book should be in every Mechanics' Institute and village library. It would be a good thing for our leagues and churches to make such books the nucleus of a library which would lead our young people to a better knowledge of how goodly a nation it is from which they are sprung; of its heroic past, and the successive stages by which, in the providence of God, Anglo-Saxon civilization has reached its present noble development.

Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern. By ELIZABETH REED, author of Hindu Literature, etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xviii.–419. Price $2.50.

It is rather remarkable that, in the newest city of the world should be written this admirable account of the world's oldest literature. Persepolis, itself, is a ruin; the language of the Zend Avesta is extinct, but a lady writer on the banks of the

Chicago river has reproduced in elegant English the teachings of this ancient lore. The accomplished author has already won name and fame by her previous book on Hindu literature, and enjoys the honour of being a member of the International Congress of Orientalists. She gives an admirable account of the early Persian literature and the Cuneiform inscriptions.

"When the stone is rolled away," she says, "from the sepulchre of a buried literature, and the records of forgotten ages come with resurrection power into the living present, the hearts of men must listen to the voice of these historic witnesses." In these early tablets we find the Assyrian account of the Flood wonderfully like that in the Book of Genesis, and inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, throwing much light upon the ancient Hebrew Scriptures.

The author is enthusiastic in praise of later Persian romance and song, and extols in eloquent phrase their beauties and glories. "The imagination of their writers," she says, "is not bound by the rules of our northern clime, and there is nothing too wild and impossible to find a place in Oriental story. There are rayless caverns of sorcery in a wilderness of mystery; there are mountains of emerald and hills of ruby; there are enchanted valleys, rich with fabulous treasure, and rivers gushing from fairy fountains; there is also the restfulness of night, with its coolness and dews, to be foll wed by the glory of the morning and the fragrance from the hearts of the roses. Persian literature rings with voices from ruined cities, and mingles the story of the past with the dreams of her future."

The author gives also an outline of that great world-classic, the Zend Avesta, with an analysis of its teachings; of the religious philosophy of Zoroaster; of the great epic of Ferduzi—the interminable labours of Rustem; and of the poems of Hafiz, and the hashish-inspired dreams of later Persian romance. It is an incursion into a land of fairy and extravagant Oriental romance, but one animated by the great primal instincts of humanity—passionate and ennobling love, burning hate, and jealousy cruel as the grave.

The learned and accomplished author of this book has laid her readers under deep obligation by analyzing for them this, to most of us, obscure literature, and presenting us with its brightest gems, separated from the too-copious dross and rubbish in which they were embedded. A fac-simile of an ancient Zend manuscript is also given, and a beautiful illuminated frontispiece of the priceless Persian manuscript of Ferduzi's Shah Namah.

Letters of James Smetham, with an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM and WILLIAM DAVIS. With a portrait. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

We have already published an article on this remarkable volume. We are glad to see that it has reached its second edition. It is of special interest to Methodist readers. James Smetham was the son of a Methodist preacher, and was himself a loyal and devoted Methodist, and for many years a successful class leader. His letters abound in wise and witty, devout and tender, poetical and critical pages. Indeed, he was a poet of no mean ability himself, and as a literary and art critic has seldom been excelled. He enjoyed the friendship and high opinion of Ruskin, Rosetti, Watts and other leading artists of his time. Prof. Winchester declares that "no autobiography since Cowper's Letters, better exhibits the union of a quick sense of humour, with deep religious feeling. He was a man of tender human sympathies, and was greatly beloved and revered by all who came within the magic circle of his influence. We shall take occasion to return again to this remarkable autobiography, and in the meantime cordially recommend all who would desire a clear insight into the human soul revealed with rare literary skill, to read this book.